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FROM BEGINNING
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IMMORTALITY.

III. FROM THE PHILOSOPHIC STANDPOINT.

We have now to approach the question of Immortality from the philosophic standpoint. Our aim, accepting as correct the scientific presentation of natural facts, is to penetrate if possible their inner significance. But here, as ever, we must tread cautiously. As we saw in a previous essay, there can be no reliable metaphysics without reliable physics, and under the latter head our knowledge is constantly growing, our mental standpoint shifting, old theories making way for new. This is all in the line of progress and development, but it means that the difficulties of interpretation are great. The last word of Science has not been said, never will be said while man continues to enquire and to learn; and so long as it has not been said the last word of philosophy cannot be said either. The latter, moreover, covers an enormously wide field, which we cannot here attempt even to delimit. Our efforts must be strictly circumscribed. Our aim is to arrive at the metaphysical significance with regard to man of certain recognized facts in the physical universe, to ascertain what relation they bear not to the scientific aspect of that universe, to space and time and the intellect of man, but to the Ground and Source of his being

and of theirs. This is the work of that branch of Metaphysics known as Religious Philosophy. To enter upon it as we are doing directly from scientific considerations, is to necessitate certain initial assumptions:—

(1) That the universe of being, as Science knows it, has a Ground and Source beyond itself, transcending therefore Space and Time;

(2) That the human mind is so constituted that it is able to some extent to apprehend this Ground and Source, consequently itself also partially to transcend Space and Time.

Under the second head we may remark that this capacity in man for transcending Space and Time is a matter of common, every-day experience. Memory oversteps these limits; Imagination does so; Sympathy does so; Abstract thought does so. The old man who "lives in the past," the young man who "lives in the future," the mother who lives in the lives of her (perhaps absent) children, the scholar or the mathematician who in abstruse study or calculation loses the sense of duration and of material surroundings, these each and all mentally transcend Time and Space. Physically they are bound—in mind they are free.

There is another and more funda-

mental illustration of the same truth. Man's power of blending his experience into a *whole* implies the power of transcending Time. Were he indeed altogether limited by it, he could be conscious only of succession, one thing after another, one event after another, one experience after another; he could not unite all those events and experiences into one, and make of them "My life." That he can and does do so is evidence that he is greater than Time, and not altogether under its compulsions. Nor is this the case with regard to individual man alone. That he can be conscious of a whole in history, in the history of his own race and in that of the Cosmos, is due to the same time-transcending power. Similar remarks apply in their measure to Space. That man can perceive not the mere fact of juxtaposition, but the blending of many juxtapositions into a whole, that Space is to him *unifying*, shows that he bends it (mentally) to his own purposes. It is not his master. And for our present purpose it matters nothing how, through what stages of temporal development, man acquires this unifying peculiarity of his mental constitution. The central fact for Philosophy is that he possesses it: that whatever physical and psychological processes, discovered and classified by Science, have from her point of view brought about this result, the result is there and is significant.

A further important point to notice in the present connection is that in unifying we also distinguish, as is shown by our always setting our present life, the life which we are living at the moment, over against a larger and more comprehensive life, in which that moment is included, yet from which it is distinct. We do this in four ways:—

(1) In regard of any present moment in our individual life, such moment standing out over against, yet as part

of, the whole into which the past, present and future of that individual life are combined;

(2) In regard of our whole individual life, as contrasted with the life of our social environment and the life of mankind in general;

(3) In regard of the life of mankind in general (of which our own is a constituent part,) as contrasted with the whole cosmic process as we know it;

(4) In regard of that cosmic process itself, the whole visible temporal order of things, (more or less crudely conceived according to the stage of intellectual culture and development attained), as contrasted with an eternal invisible order which conditions and transcends, while it includes, the temporal.

It is hardly necessary to observe that we are not always giving attention to these contrasts. They are often outside the actual field of consciousness, lying as it were latent in our minds, yet ever there, ready at any moment to spring into full view, always more or less affecting, though it may be unconsciously, our mental attitude at any given moment. The very fact, so often insisted upon by ethical and religious teachers, of the transitory nature of all earthly experience, is only intelligible to them and to us because contrasted with a sense of abidingness equally present. We should not know that "the world passeth away" unless we were conscious that something, not the world, "abideth forever."

The time-transcending capacity in man has been thus insisted upon, because the conception we form of our relation to Time and to Eternity must very largely affect our idea of individual human life. If we regard the latter as being now wholly subordinated to temporal conditions, we place an enormous difficulty in the way of any reasonable belief in its persistence after death, a difficulty which, were it real, would need to be candidly allowed and seriously confronted. Since a little re-

lection shows us, on the contrary, that our time-limitation is but partial, this fact must equally be taken into account in our effort to probe the meaning of human individuality. To this effort we now address ourselves.

When considering the subject from the scientific point of view, we saw that though individuality is far more emphasized in man than elsewhere in Nature, yet it is characteristic not only of all organic beings but of the inorganic universe as well, that in fact the whole Cosmos bears the stamp of individuality, *i.e.*, of uniqueness. It is such that it is completely and definitely distinguished from all possible or conceivable other orders that might have come into existence. Its very possibilities are conditioned by the kind of universe which it is: they could not be otherwise unless it were otherwise. When, leaving the inorganic universe, we turn to organic life, we find that individuality tends to become what we may perhaps term increasingly spontaneous. Instead of being as it were stamped upon each organism, as a hall-mark upon silver, the organism appears rather to develop its own individuality in its own way, strictly limited, of course, by the organic division to which it belongs, yet within these limits having so much of free play as to enable it (very markedly among the higher animals) to develop certain idiosyncrasies of its own, difficult if not impossible to define, which yet distinguish it from all members of the same species. Among the higher animals at any rate there is the further power of each individual knowing itself to be such. A dog is not at all confused about his own individuality. How far down the scale of animal life this capacity extends it would be very difficult to say. Possibly it exists in a rudimentary form wherever there is sentience, but it increases with the approach of self-consciousness, and reaches its culmina-

tion in man, in whom alone that consciousness is so fully developed as to confer upon him the dignity of personality. And here for the first time the full scope of individual being appears to dawn upon us. It is such that no other characteristic can obscure or diminish its reach, which on the contrary widens from the apparently superficial distinction between one stone and another, or one blade of grass and another, to include all the vast yet delicate differences between one human being and another of the same age, nationality, social status and culture. Individuality is not swamped in, but extraordinarily enhanced by personality. The importance of this fact in connection with our present subject becomes apparent when we recall the tendency of much modern Philosophic thought to regard finite persons as evanescent manifestations of an Infinite Personality which at the same time transcends and includes them: in which they so entirely live and move and have their being that they are to it as waves upon the surface of a boundless deep, momentarily appearing only to disappear again.

The recognition of self-conscious mind as the ground of being is characteristic of that form of Philosophy known as Idealism. Without going into an argument which to specialists would be superfluous, and to the general reader essentially tedious and difficult of comprehension, we may perhaps observe that it becomes increasingly hard to look upon any other ground as adequate.

We have seen that even in man mind is able to some extent to transcend temporal limits. But man is finite, that is, partial: he is under restriction. Essential mind, mind unlimited, mind apart from any finite manifestation of it, would be above all time-limitations; would be what we mean by eternal, infinite. Time and the temporal would

be conditioned by it. It would be the ground of all being. This position is here accepted. In accepting it, however, we must be on our guard against the mistaken inference that universal mind is necessarily colorless, indifferent, characterless. In ascending through the conception of the finite to that of the Infinite, it has been a common error to do so by way of negation; to repeat the formula "The Infinite is *not*" this, that or the other, till we arrive at an abstraction of which nothing whatever can be said or thought. This *reductio ad absurdum* results from making the Infinite synonymous with the unconditioned. The term that really expresses our meaning is not unconditioned but *self-conditioned*, wholly conditioned from within. It is not possible for us to form any even approximately adequate conception of what such a mode of existence really is, but some faint forth-shadowing of it we have in our own experience. We are not altogether shaped by external conditions; to some extent we shape them, and the more will-power or "character" we have, the more self-sufficing we are, and the more we create our own conditions.

This word "character" demands serious attention. We shall find on reflection that it is the chief expression of human individuality. Superficial acquaintanceship is perforce obliged to distinguish one man from another by differences in physiognomy and general appearance, tricks of manner, voice, gesture, etc.; but a very little more familiarity, stopping far short of intimacy, is needed in order to shift our sense of recognition away from traits of person to traits of mind and disposition, and real intimacy, whether it engender love or hatred, makes us increasingly feel that it is the traits of disposition, the character, which above all distinguish to us this particular man from his fellows. Physical peculiarities

and intellectual attainments seem by comparison accidents; it is the character which is for us the man. And it is needless to observe that no two characters are identical. A man may be of the same age, social standing, culture, intellectual attainment, physical strength as another; he may have had the same education, social environment, opportunities; he may belong to the same family; he may follow the same profession; and yet the character of each is clear-cut and distinguishable, and the work of each bears in consequence its own peculiar impress which differentiates it from that of the other.

This stamp of character upon work is a familiar but a very remarkable fact. Other things being equal, the more of it there is, the better we recognize the work to be; and the hall-mark of a work of genius is not excellence merely, but the supremely unique, or as we say "original," impress which distinguishes it. It is an individual product.

Now this as we have seen is a characteristic of the Cosmos; it, too, is an individual product, unique, original. If Science can do no more than state the fact in her own language and manner, as she does by insisting on the uniformity of Nature and the irrevocableness of natural law, it is open to Philosophy to go a step further, and to draw the simple but supremely significant inference, that what bears the impress of individuality is indeed of individual origin, that the Ground and Source of the Universe is not only Infinitely Personal, but Infinitely Individual. Here then we perceive the true place of individuality in the Cosmic Scale of Values. It reaches to the foundation of things. It enters into the ground of being. Its universal presence and its extraordinary enhancement when united with self-conscious Mind receive thus their interpretation; and our enquiry into its significance as regards

man receives this first answer: that if the Infinite Life from which all finite life is derived be Personal and Individual, infinitely Personal and infinitely Individual, then man, the most personal and the most individual of known beings, is marked out as in close and special touch with the Ground and Source of all existence. We have to examine the bearing of this fact on our immediate subject, Individual Immortality.

And first perhaps it will be wise to dwell a little more at length on that which gives to finite individuality all its worth and meaning, viz., the Infinite Individuality. In fixing our thoughts on the latter we must dissociate from it all idea of limitation. Even in the case of our fellow men we feel that their individuality is an assertive thing.

It has force and power, it declares to us what they are; it makes us know them. The loss of individuality, either in ourselves or in others, means the loss of all which makes recognition possible. And though in us and in them alike it involves limitation, that is only because of our finitude. It is not as individuals but as *finite* individuals that we are limited, even as it is not as knowers or as lovers but as *finite* knowers and lovers that our knowledge and love have bonds. Infinite Individuality is not limited, but is possessed of all the resources of Infinitude whereby to assert and make itself known. It is, if we may venture to try and express what is by the nature of the case beyond expression, that whereby Infinite Personality is revealed, even as finite individuality is that by which finite personality is revealed. The two, so far as we know, are inseparable. Our own experience teaches us that they are inseparable in ourselves. Reflection upon the universe of being, as Science shows it to us, teaches us that they are inseparable in the Source and Ground of

that universe, known to us in the language of religion as God.

What we have to claim for Individuality then is, that it enters into the meaning of the Universe, that it is in fact part of that meaning, and as such eternal, indestructible, even as God, for and to Whom it exists, is eternal and indestructible. For when we speak of the meaning of the Universe, we intend not what man from his limited point of view can see of its meaning, but its true and real significance, apprehended with clear and all-including vision. No finite understanding is capable of such a grasp. Infinite meaning is for the Infinite alone. Yet when in a finite being self-consciousness attains such development as in man, there arises a capability of appreciating some part of the Infinite meaning, the part which concerns and is involved in that special type of being—human being. This capability increases with the growth of intellect and spiritual insight, the former slowly delineating and interpreting the body, and the latter, with the aid of the former, the soul of human knowledge and experience. Thus hesitatingly, but with continually increasing approximation to truth, men learn to "think the thoughts of God after Him," entering as they do so a little way into that Holy of Holies, the Divine Individuality, which is expressed in the external Universe they laboriously study, and still more in themselves who study it. For to be able to think the thoughts of God after Him, slowly and blunderingly though it be, implies to some extent a community of nature between the Divine and the human, just as the power of even partially transcending the temporal implies being so far in touch with the eternal. That man can spell out something of the meaning of the Cosmos shows that he not only bears the impress of, but is partaker in, the Divine Individuality, as modern thought

more readily recognizes that he is in the Divine Personality. It is clear what worth and significance this bestows upon his own individuality, what responsibility it lays upon him to respect, develop and maintain it, both in himself and in others.

We have already seen that as life rises in the organic scale, individuality is not only more marked, but becomes increasingly spontaneous. In man this spontaneity is united to a highly developed self-consciousness; and he recognizes himself through the many and great vicissitudes of life as always the same individual. The whole meaning of his life to himself is bound up with this recognition; and when he raises his thoughts and aspirations to the Author of his being, the whole meaning also of that most intimate and solemn relationship hangs upon his realization that closely as his life is interwoven with the life of his fellows—

... this Atom cannot in the Whole
Forget itself, it aches a separate soul,

or, as Browning expresses it,

God is, thou art, the rest is hurled
To nothingness for thee.

This supreme meaning of individuality to man, that he himself and not another alone occupies or can occupy the one special relationship of his "lone soul" to God, is very deeply rooted in his consciousness, though he is often far indeed from willingly harboring it. Where for any reason the "love which casteth out fear" is not present or is obscured, man's impulse is to merge towards God his own individuality in that of the crowd, or else to put someone or something between him and the Being whom he would shun. Under favorable circumstances it is possible for him to succeed in stifling the too-insistent voice of his individuality, but it cannot be slain. The merest accident will re-awaken it. A touch, a memory,

is sufficient: the adventitious surroundings in which he has thought to hide himself drop away, and once more he feels that though

Man lumps his kind i' the mass, God
singles thence,
Unit by unit.

It is because each man's individuality has a meaning not only to himself but to God that he cannot escape from it, that even when he would ignore or merge it, it asserts itself again, piercing him through and through as with a sword of the Spirit.

It is worth while to pause upon this statement that each man's individuality bears to God its own special meaning. At first sight the tremendous issues involved in it do not clearly appear. Since, as we have already said, the whole Cosmos is individual, and is the complete expression of and fulfilment to the Infinite God of His meaning in bringing it into being, each part of course enters into that meaning—Man with the rest. Why, therefore, should any peculiar significance be attached to the individuality of man?

The considerations already brought forward are an answer to this question. Man alone is a personal, and by consequence, an ethical individual, able as such to enter into conscious relationship with the Author of his being. The sub-organic universe, the lower organic world, express indeed God's meaning to him, but it is unknowingly. Man, with his insatiable intellect, his unconquerable activity, his "divine discontent" with present attainment and constant reaching forth after something more excellent, is on a different plane of being. If we may venture so to word it, his individuality cannot mean so much to himself without meaning much also to God. Man can respond to the Divine intention: he can to some extent consciously and voluntarily express the Divine meaning. Without this

co-operation on his part it is indeed not fully realized. To use a familiar word, each man is *responsible* for the working out of his own ethical individuality.

Its possibilities are not of his making: for good or for evil these originally are beyond his control. But the actualizing of the possibilities lies largely within it, and any fair survey of history, or of our own and (so far as we can enter into it) of others' experience, confirms this statement. At the same time, as has repeatedly been pointed out, the visible course of things, life as we know it, does not give full scope for the working out of individuality, ethical or intellectual. No man, now and here, completely or even with approximate completeness, attains the measure of his capabilities. He is restrained, limited, as it seems to us hampered on all sides. And even in those rare and fortunate instances where no other restriction exists, there is that of the shortness of life. If nothing else, then more time is needed for the fulfilment of individuality.

From our present point of view it will be understood that man need not fear the lack of time. Individuality, though manifested in, is not a consequence of the Temporal Order, but belongs to the Eternal; and a being who is, to the extent that man is, consciously individual, capable of an ethical relationship to God and to his fellows, could not lapse from that consciousness without some part of the Eternal Meaning lapsing with him. The loss of his conscious individuality would be a loss to the Divine completeness of Experience, for in virtue of it he holds towards God a unique ethical place, his own place, which he only can fill.

Whatever, therefore, death may involve, it cannot involve such a loss as this. From the philosophic standpoint, indeed, death is of peculiarly

small significance, a mere accident of the temporal order, with which alone it has any concern. It cannot frustrate or interrupt the eternal meaning; and in man that meaning is bound up with his consciousness of himself and of God, with his individual personality, in fact.

The question regarding individual immortality is thus affirmatively answered. It is involved in and subsidiary to the larger question of the worth of individuality itself, when manifested in human form, and, as we have seen, that worth is beyond human calculation, because much as each man's individuality means to himself it means yet more to God. It is derived from Him, it is sustained in Him, it is the reflex of His own Infinitude and partakes of His Eternity. Each finite personal being is to God a unique ethical individual, the one in all creation who can hold just his relationship to the Father of his spirit. If he fails, there is no other who can be to God just what he is. So much of the ethical meaning of the Universe has failed with him. Regarded in this light, it seems absurd to look on death as even a possible term to individual ethical life. It is not ethical failure. There is a shadow which looms far more darkly, the significance of which it would be idle to pretend to under-rate, and from which to our limited vision death gains a fictitious importance,—the shadow of moral evil. Here indeed there seems to lie the dread possibility of a unique Divine Ideal being frustrated, of complete and irretrievable ethical failure.

It is not possible, in a few short sentences, even to touch on so vast and difficult a problem as this. Mention is made of it simply to show that it is not left out of sight, and to express the hope that at some future time an attempt may be made to discern its true proportions and indicate the place it

holds in the universe of being and especially of human being.

With one further observation, the present essay must be brought to a close. Granting all that has been said of the worth of each human individual as a unique ethical being, and as a corollary his persistence after death, how are we to account for his having had a beginning? That which begins, must, it would seem, also end. It belongs to the temporal order, not to the eternal, in which there is neither beginning nor end.

The answer to this difficulty must be found in a twofold recognition:—

(1) That in so far as it is subjected to actual earthly conditions, the life of man is temporal and belongs to the temporal order. Birth and death are facts of that order. Physically, man has a beginning and an end; but we have seen already that even under actual limitations he can and does to some extent transcend both the temporal and spatial, *i.e.*, physical limits, and on his capability of so doing depends his hu-

The Contemporary Review.

man—as distinguished from his animal—individuality.

(2) And if the supreme worth of that human individuality be allowed, if it bears a unique and consequently eternal ethical significance to God, we must also grant that it neither began with birth nor ends at death. That man should not, while restricted to earthly conditions, be conscious of the eternity of his being, is not difficult to understand. It is obscured to him by the temporal limitations characteristic of those conditions, and which, it may well be, are to some extent projected beyond death. If, however, the considerations advanced in this essay be valid, temporal limitations must ultimately cease for every human individual, and when they do so, his eternal experience will stand out to him in a clear and perfect whole, the manner of perceiving which is feebly and faintly foreshadowed in his actual power of regarding the past, present and future of his earthly experience as one life.

Emma Marie Caillard.

THE BUYING OF PICTURES: ITS THEORY, PRACTICE, AND ROMANCE.

Of all things which are not actually necessary to daily life, pictures are perhaps those most frequently purchased without special knowledge and adequate selection. The whole business is conducted in a hugger-mugger fashion, without consistent principle or given plan. The object of this paper is to suggest that such principle is not only desirable but necessary, and that such plan can be formulated in simple English and without undue complexity.

The first necessity is to clear our minds of cant and our actions of pre-

tence. In other words, we must decide only to have the pictures that we like, whether our tastes accord with those of the majority or not. Otherwise the fine-art dealer and the well-informed friend have us at once in their grip. They will insist on our having such-and-such an example of this or that popular painter; and the picture, when bought, will consequently mean nothing to us but a conviction, somewhat insecurely founded, that we have bought what we ought to have bought, ere we "coom'd awaay."

We will not even pretend to ourselves that the pictures we buy are necessarily the best. Why assume a good taste to which we cannot live up, if we possess it not? I think it probable that a person will get more good, as well as more happiness, out of a comparatively indifferent picture which he really likes, than out of a first-rate one which says nothing to him.

Remember also this: that pictures are painted, so to speak, in many languages, and can only be appreciated by those who know the tongue. This is to say, that if a picture depends for its beauty on certain refinements of color, and we are insensitive to such subtlety, it is not one which we should wisely purchase. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, is true of form, and again the same of chiaroscuro—this last, especially, which gives the greatest delight to many people, being absolutely repulsive to others. Without analyzing the various dialects, we may sum up this portion of the matter by saying that the picture-buyer should take every lawful advantage to ensure his future enjoyment. He should look for what specially interests and pleases him, entirely neglecting that which pleases and interests others.

Let me be clearly understood. This advice is not given with the idea of training the æsthetic faculty. It is simply the common-sense method of proceeding by which the man in the street can extract from his picture-purchases the utmost amount of satisfaction possible to him. Were I to deal with the question from the point of view of what is ideally desirable, a very different series of considerations and principles would have to be suggested. But I am simply exploding a fallacy skilfully concocted by shop-keeper and journalist for the confusion of the vulgar; that fallacy being that people ought all to buy, because they

ought to like, the same pictures. They ought to do nothing of the kind. Let us take an average couple of the upper middle-class, and see what help can be given them which shall be, so far as it goes, applicable, without knowing their personal tastes. Let us, in short, struggle for two or three first principles in the purchase of pictures.

Now, to some extent, the same problems will await all such people. They must determine for color or black-and-white; for oil-painting, water-color drawing, or reproduction; the questions of size and shape will come in, and that of expenditure; the number of rooms in their house must be considered, and whether each chamber is to have its set of pictures; the rank of their friends and themselves will also be a factor in choice; and it is only when all these considerations have been given their due value that those of personal idiosyncrasy will come up for solution. From the above list one point of primary importance has been omitted—as it is, indeed, usually omitted by the picture-buyer—and that is the question of decoration; but this more properly belongs to the subject of the right hanging and disposition of pictures in a dwelling-house.

Let us return to the young couple whom we have kept waiting so long. We will give them an income of one thousand pounds and a double-belled house in a desirable locality, and suppose that they wish to make that house into their home. What, so far as the purchase of pictures is concerned, should be their first step? I suppose it will sound very Irish to say that they should not buy any. Certainly such omission will provoke a howl from prudent relations, and a discreet smile from æsthetic friends. Yet it is evidently best to start with none at all. Reasons? Oh yes, plenty of reasons. Till you have lived in a house a short time (to take the first), you do not know

what the light is like; and till that knowledge is obtained you do not know what kind of pictures are the most suitable. Again, most houses have papers on the walls, or at all events some color, distemper, or paint; and till you know this accurately you cannot tell the picture which will be in or out of harmony with it. Anyway, it needs some little time to find out in which room you will *live*. No matter how many rooms there be, only one will be lived in. Special things are done in other rooms, and may, indeed, take up three-quarters of the time; but *life* goes on only in one; and where the life is, there should the pictures be: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Then, supposing this to be an open-minded couple, and one fresh to life, they will have to deal with the great question, which cannot be determined absolutely—the question of oil or water color. There is still another question left unconsidered here intentionally—namely, the choice between color and monochrome work. I omit it because the object of this paper is to suggest points concerning the purchase of original work, not reproduction, however accomplished. There are far too many thousands of pounds wasted in the purchase of etchings, engravings, photogravures, &c., which are frequently bought by people who do not appreciate them and are ignorant of the subjects they represent, thinking that because popular they are safe purchases, and that no one can criticize such except favorably. These buyers are like the foolish women who go into a linen-draper's shop and buy a thing because they are told it is much worn. Indeed, they are worse, for the woman has this excuse: her fellow-creatures may criticize her unfavorably for not having the article in fashion; and this would not happen to the same extent in picture buying owing to the enor-

mous number of what are termed "stock" pictures. However, to return to our non-picture-hung house, which by this time is beginning to cry aloud for some wall decoration; let us imagine that we have decided, as is on the whole most wise for adequate or moderate incomes, on having water-colors rather than oil-paintings. Other questions now follow, of almost equal importance: Are they to be figures, or landscapes, or both? Are they to represent things of the present or some other day? Do we want the utmost amount of variety or the greatest obtainable harmony? Is our room soberly or smartly furnished? For it will not be a satisfactory result to contradict its taste. How are we to select pictures we shall not become tired of? And—since, though we may be one flesh, we have two sets of sympathies—which is to be the predominant partner in the selection of the work? Or shall we adopt the mean, and say six qualities dear to the husband and six to the wife? But all these are matters which intelligent beings can really determine if they begin to give them attention; and to them must be added the subsidiary but still important question of what our friends and relations will like, what they have themselves, and the extent to which we wish for their approbation. Are we going to buy, in fact, for show, to get the utmost social advantage from our purchase, or shall we be content to have what will give ourselves pleasure? Personally, I am of opinion that since the majority of people live a good deal in the prejudices of their neighbors, it is wise to make concessions to those prejudices, but in the less important parts of the house. I don't think it is worth while to buy our chief pictures for the sake of friends, since, after all, they will only see them occasionally, while the purchaser will be worried by them every day. It is equal-

ly certain that no pleasure we should get from a work of art which was obnoxious to the majority would make it worth our while to hang up such a picture where the majority would see it. For this reason, the whole range of the nude is unsuitable in the ordinary dwelling-house; and so too is the religious picture once so much in vogue.

You will find by experience that figure subjects are more attractive and interesting to people in general than landscapes, yet they are far less easy to obtain of a satisfactory quality. The shortcomings and excesses of an artist are bound to show in his figure-work; and though they exist in his landscape, they are not nearly so evident. Besides which, the atmosphere of the studio does not refine upon nature, and those who paint habitually in studios do become, on the whole, less delicate-minded and more blatant than landscape painters. They acquire a definite manner earlier; they are not brought face to face with a different set of difficulties each time they set to work; they are not kept humble by the absolutely infernal difficulties they encounter. Another point: figure pictures are not only more difficult to procure of good quality, but they are considerably more expensive; the difference may be said to be more than five-and-twenty per cent. in favor of the landscape purchaser. Lastly, while an indifferent landscape is almost certain to possess some points of interest or beauty, to be at least tolerable, an indifferent figure picture may very well be the reverse. The result of all this is, not that the picture-buyer should confine himself entirely to the purchase of landscapes, but that he should be content to have these predominate. In a room containing, say, twenty pictures, four figure subjects as against sixteen landscapes would be quite sufficient to prevent the latter appearing monotonous; and it is a curious fact that while landscapes

rather help one another than not, figure subjects in juxtaposition frequently injure one another considerably. This is due to their more marked individuality and frequent trickiness.

Proceeding to the question of subject, there is still some guidance to be obtained from first principles. Apart from personal idiosyncrasy, one may say broadly that subjects of the heroic character, and historical, religious, or abstruse compositions, especially such as are of a mythological or allegorical nature, are not specially good to live with. The mind needs to be carefully attuned to them; they are unsuitable for moments of relaxation, and generally speaking, unsympathetic. On the other hand, there is a range of subjects of the domestic kind whose very banality and triviality are even more unendurable than those just spoken of. Pictures of the "Daddy won't buy Me a Bow-wow" type and, generally speaking, incidents of infant and domestic animal life, whether or not they be given alluring titles, are apt to pall upon close acquaintance; all such are more or less of the confectionery-box order, and are seldom based upon the realities of life or concerned with its deeper feelings. Moreover, they yield up their secret readily, and it is an exasperatingly insignificant one. This is not to say that commonplace occurrences, whether of the house or street, form essentially bad subjects; they do so only when dressed up for representation. The truth is, that for ordinary artists' work, the literary intention of the picture should seldom be allowed to override, or indeed greatly to interfere with, its æsthetic motive. It may be granted, perhaps, that where the two factors obtain in perfect balance, the highest art results, or at all events the picture which gives the greatest pleasure to the greatest number; but in ordinary cases the literary motive may be almost non-existent without loss.

This is not to say that the picture may be meaningless, but that its meaning must be a derivative force, allied to and growing out of technical excellence. In this way it happens that, for continuous pleasure, small subjects of faultless technique are the perfection of excellence; few pictures, for example, are better to live with than subjects of still life by old William Hunt.

Again, in choosing drawings for permanent pleasure, there is much to be said in favor of purchasing the suggestive rather than the highly elaborated and completely expository work. A picture which has to be looked at many times should be able to lend itself to several interpretations, and to none which are demonstrably right. For this reason, suggestive pictures of sea, stormy skies, and landscape of evening and morning, or even night, are to be generally preferred to those in which the revelation of full daylight is complete. The latter have their value as contrasts and foils to the former; but it will be found that a number of them together are comparatively uninteresting.

Proceeding to the consideration of the kind of landscape most suitable for house decoration, I have noticed that all the worst pictures are those which are concerned with mountains, and all the best those which are concerned with plains. Between these there comes an infinite variety, in which cottages and palaces, trees and gardens, scenes of city, suburb, and seacoast, offer themselves in endless profusion. If there be a rule, it is that the more mixed a subject is the less admirable is the result. The so-called classical composition was perhaps the worst type of landscape the world has ever known; though it was frequently used with transcendent ability by admirable artists. My experience of pictures tells me that it is quite possible for an incident in a landscape to become irri-

tating and almost intolerable, while the picture itself remains always admirable. Turner's water-colors afford many instances of this, and there is nothing more conspicuous in the philosophy of landscape painting than the extent and manner in which incident ought to be used—the human element introduced. The most perfect example the present writer remembers was in a large picture by the late Henry Moore, A.R.A., entitled, if I recollect aright, "The Bleached Margin to the Shore." This was a great stretch of wet sand and shingle, with the sea beyond, and a vast sky of cumulus clouds through which spread a stormy yellow sunlight; in the middle distance, close to the edge of the waves, there were a cart and horse, and a man gathering seaweed, so perfectly placed and introduced, and so suffused with light and atmosphere, that though they were in the middle of the picture, the forms only revealed themselves slowly, and as it were hesitatingly, after considerable examination; yet the extent to which they improved the work was extraordinary, not only by giving it scale, but by contrast and significance; most of all, I think, by suggestion of the world beyond and outside nature, to which the painter and spectator belonged.

Choose, therefore, your landscape not so much for the picturesque portions of the subject-matter—the purple mountains, hawthorn-blossom, or this and that sentimental episode or charming detail—but rather for its dealing with the larger facts of nature: elementary beauties, skies of tender gradation or overspread with clouds of magnificent form, long sweeps of land or sea gradated by light, or the contours of the water and earth beneath; mysteries of dawn and twilight, effects of sunlight and shadow, but especially those which suggest unexpected qualities of color and form—not common-

place things. Similarly, in pictures which deal with cities, do not seek for a categorical statement of monument, church, or castle—for panoramic views of park or boulevard; but for those fortuitous combinations of nature, personality, and architecture which are the essence of metropolitan life: the trivial modern incident flung, as it were carelessly, in the face of a building centuries old, the manifestation of nature frescoing with light or darkness the works of men, the indications of human energy in street or river, the shifting contrasts of poverty and wealth, youth and age, law and disorder, which make up the drama of the street: these are the subject-matter of interesting urban pictures which are good to live with. They need not be of a didactic kind, need not enforce any lesson in distinct words or forms. It is enough that they suggest trains of thought and form a peg for fancy.

Consider now, when you are buying, that if you would get the utmost value for your money (aesthetic, not pecuniary) you must seek in your whole collection something of the mingled variety and concentration which you seek in your life. In other words, that while one meaning runs through and informs the whole, it should not always be evident, nor always on the same plan. That "there are many roads to Rome, and many more to heaven," is as true of picture-buying as of places, only it is also true that some ways distinctly tend in the opposite direction. Before any money is spent upon a picture, the buyer should ask himself why he wishes to possess it; whether there is any reason which he can trust to be permanent. Is it only that something attractive for the moment has tickled his fancy or pleased his eye, some novel contrast of color, some surface ingenuity? For such reasons pictures should never be bought. Still less should they be bought because of the

artist's name, or from any fancied idea that because he has the reputation of being a good artist the picture is necessarily a good picture. Unhappily, this by no means follows. Even artists are men like other people; and when pressed, or harassed, or base in any way, frequently fall below the level of their genius and do work quite unworthy of their name. Besides which, most painters' work the amateur buyer has the opportunity of acquiring has been done more or less to order for the dealers; is that worst species of pot-boiler—the pot-boiler which was never intended to do anything but boil hastily the smallest pots; the least the artists could produce for an exiguous sum offered him by a tradesman. Nor should one who is buying pictures for his own pleasure ever purchase them because they are cheap. In the first place, he will probably be wrong in thinking so; in the second, it is an unworthy notion, and one which, if once accepted as a ground of acquirement, will end by reducing the amateur to the morality of the dealer. As a matter of detail, good pictures are scarcely ever to be bought cheap. I would say, as a first ground for buying, that any picture which appeals to you as being a specially true representation of nature, or a specially significant one in relation to human intercourse, is worthy of consideration. But I will go a step farther and say that you must then consider whether it will come into the scheme of your collection; whether you will like it in conjunction with what you possess; whether it will not even be too good, if it be not too bad for them. For it is not desirable to disturb the general quality of a collection, even for the better; and it is unfortunately most true that if you have one *very* good thing you are no longer content to give it indifferent companions. There may be a gain in such disturbance, but only if you are content to set up for yourself

a stricter standard. When these considerations have been given their due, then and not till then ask the price of the picture; and even then do not buy unless you can afford the price so easily that it will pass from your remembrance. I knew an old gentleman once—very estimable he was, too, in many respects—who used to say, pointing to one or other of his collection, "It costs me thirty pounds a year to look at that picture," or whatever the sum might be. He calculated five per cent. interest on whatever he had given; in fact, I am not sure that he did not allow a sinking fund, based on the term of his probable life. "That's villainous!" as Hamlet says.

The shrinkage of the world has undoubtedly affected picture-buying, has increased both the chances and the excitement of the purchaser; the excitement, because there is far less opportunity for hitting on anything unknown which is of great value or interest; the chances, because the market value of good work is now a matter of common understanding from Paddington to Peking. Still, even yet the chances do occur, and within the present writer's remembrance and experience some have taken place of considerable interest.

It was at Florence, little more than twenty years ago, that a friend of mine discovered and purchased at an incredibly cheap price a fine specimen of Palma Vecchio, in perfect preservation. He was a poor man in all but knowledge, and could not raise even the small sum required for the purchase, so it took him nearly two years to buy the picture in instalments, trembling hard the while lest some one equal in discernment and superior in cash should step in and carry off his prize. Once purchased, the picture was sold without delay, at a very high price, to the Berlin Gallery, having been discreetly smuggled out of Italy,

with the assistance of a friendly railway official. For some years subsequent illicit trade of this kind was carried on, and Italy lost dozens, if not hundreds, of her Old Masters; but to-day the surveillance is a good deal more strict, and, as we have seen in the case of a very celebrated picture—the "Sacred and Profane Love" of Titian—renders the smuggling of masterpieces practically impossible.

Occasionally, even in London, opportunities occur which would almost appear to be incredible. The following happened to myself. A large collection of Italian pictures had been sent over for sale at a well-known auction-room. It had been formed by a gentleman resident in North Italy, and contained some very fine specimens, especially of Florentine and Sienese masters; but the collection was not one of those which bore an historic name—was not, in the dealer's phrase, "of first-rate importance," and the sale took place in the off-season. The pictures were of a kind that attracted me greatly; and, inspecting them with some care, I noticed, on my second visit to the rooms, that there was hung up very high above the entrance-door a large smoke-begrimed panel, with not a vestige of frame, and on which scarcely any design was visible. One peculiarity, however, was evident, as in all early Italian painting, and that was the high projection of certain portions of the design, and the suggestion of intricate pattern, either depressed or in relief. When the pictures were sold this was the last lot in the sale, and I remember only one bid was made for it besides my own. On getting it home I cleaned a small portion, and discovered, to my great delight, that not only was the gold beneath in perfect preservation, but that all the tints were perfectly pure and clean, and had apparently been preserved

by the smoke which darkened the whole panel. The picture, too, was signed and dated, and in a very peculiar way, the signature being painted in the centre of a zigzag label especially designed for its reception. It was evident that chance had led me to the acquisition of an important work; and I entrusted the panel to the most expert picture-cleaner of my acquaintance, from whose hands it came out perfect, as if painted but a few years since, though nearly six centuries had elapsed since the artist's death. For this was a Spinello Aretino, a rare painter of the time immediately succeeding Giotto, and one who is unrepresented in our National Gallery save by two unimportant examples—which are by somebody else. The most curious part of the matter is to come. The panel, which represents an "Enthronement of the Virgin," had evidently been the centre one of a triptych; and it chanced that the very triptych in question was described at considerable length by Vasari in his *Lives of the Italian Painters*. By means of this description, and certain measurements therein given, I was able to establish this fact beyond all reasonable doubt, and, further, to discover where some of the missing portions of the triptych are at the present day. I traced the predella to the museum of Siena, and obtained, by the courtesy of that gallery, a photograph of the panel; but I could not find, for some time, where the wings of the triptych had gone to. Here pure chance came to my aid. The Provost of an Oxford College, passing through London, happened to come into the Dudley Gallery, where, with some others of my collection, the Spinello was being exhibited, a short account of its origin and its original state being given in the catalogue. What was my delight to receive a let-

ter from him next day saying that one of the missing wings was in his possession, and had belonged to him for many years! A courteous intimation that if I liked to visit Oxford he would be happy to show me the picture accompanied the letter. I went, and found the wing as he stated. It corresponded in measurement and subject, and strengthened enormously the identification of the picture with that of the work described by Vasari. Moreover, the Provost's account of the purchase informed me that the other wing had been sold at the same time. The sale was at Cologne, but the work had been purchased for a convent in Hungary. What convent he did not remember, and I was never able to find out. Think for a moment how strange was this series of coincidences. Fancy a work executed more than five and a half centuries since, divided into fragments, disappearing entirely in its individuality for at least a couple of hundred years, then coming to light again in a London saleroom, and being identified by a chance description in Vasari, a photograph from Siena, and a casual visit by an old Oxford Don to a private gallery; and fancy the main panel being sold before half the picture-dealers in London, and nobody caring to give a ten-pound note for it! The strangeness is increased because the picture is not only authentic and genuine, but one of historical importance and very considerable beauty. There is only one portion of it which has suffered from time, and this is the Virgin's robe, which appears to have been made the subject of actual blows with some blunt instrument, for the gesso is doked and scraped. This would not matter so much had not the cleaner, with mistaken zeal, thought it necessary to restore the color of this portion. I had pledged him to put no touch of

brush upon the faces, hands, and background; but I had unwarily forgotten to specify the Virgin's mantle. The temptation was too strong for him, and he put a nice slab coat of paint practically all over the dress. I nearly had a fit when I saw it. What could be done—and that was very little—to remedy this inexcusable proceeding I had done; but the fact remains that the original color is gone for ever. Fortunately all the most important portions of the picture remain untouched; the faces, robes, and hands of all the angels are perfectly pure and brilliant; so are the faces and hands of the Madonna and Saviour, the dress of the latter, and the inner robe of the former.

Many years before, an incident of extraordinary good fortune in picture buying came under my notice. It happened to my father in my early boyhood. He had but lately begun to collect water-colors, and owing to the fact of his having bought one or two works at an important sale, his name had been published in connection with water-color buying. In consequence he received one day a letter from the country, from an old maiden lady, telling him that she and her sister had several hundred drawings which they wished to dispose of *en bloc*. Would he come down and see them? There were a hundred chances to one against my father going, for he was always very busy, and hated leaving London; but he did go, and returned with the announcement that he had bought the whole number—if I recollect aright at about five pounds apiece. Some two hundred of them were David Coxes. I remember eight which he had put in two frames selling for twelve hundred pounds some years later. Such is luck, when combined with promptitude and decision! Frankly speaking, I have never felt quite comfortable about those two

maiden ladies; but it is forty years since, and I always understood they were perfectly satisfied with their bargain. This opens up a nice question, never yet decided: how far it is permissible for the buyer to use his knowledge to take advantage of the seller's ignorance. A. offers B. a thing worth ten pounds for five pounds—a thing, say, for which B. would gladly give seven pounds ten shillings, and think himself lucky to get it. Is B. bound to tell A. of the value, or to make him an offer proportionately close thereto? We know the question is academic, since very certainly, as long as the world lasts, in nineteen cases out of twenty B. would do nothing of the sort. But, *ought* he to do it? It is arguable that he is entitled to the benefit of his knowledge and experience; that A. has no right to the result of these unless he pays for it. May not the inferior price he receives be considered as in lieu of such payment? Practically, it seems to me, the matter resolves itself into one of degree; each case requires to be judged on its merits. To which it must be added that in all purchases of works of art there is a considerable element of chance; to get anything like the market value is generally impossible save through a dealer. The very essence of a dealer's dealing with the private person is to give him the lowest possible price that he can be induced to accept. Let anybody endeavor to sell a single first-rate picture to a professional fine-art agent, and he will discover that no matter how clear may be the market value—for instance, that obtained by the public auction of the work in question—the dealer will never offer him within five-and-twenty per cent. thereof. There are many reasons for this, but they would lead us too far afield to consider. Certainly, pictures shift marvellously in value. I have

known of a drawing being sold in London by a firm of high standing to a private buyer for several hundred pounds, and repurchased by the same firm from the same person for double the money within two years; and I have seen the same picture, a few years later, sell at a public auction for quadruple the original price. This, be it noted, was not the case of an unknown man suddenly rising in reputation, but of a well-established painter, whose work appreciated to this almost incredible extent during his lifetime owing to a passing wave of fashion. No connoisseur can tell, when his collection is sold at Christie's, whether the pictures will fetch double or half their value; but generally the result of the sale is a surprise—though this, of course, does not apply so much to the most celebrated collections.

I was once present at an interview between a famous picture-dealer and an almost equally famous private connoisseur. Both were shrewd men of the world; and in this case the former was the buyer, the latter the would-be seller. The dialogue proceeded something after this fashion: "Now, Mr. So-and-so, let us settle this trifling matter," purred the dealer. "Certainly," said the innocent connoisseur; "I shall be delighted to do so." "I have just brought you a cheque in my pocket"—producing it—"for thirty thousand pounds. We need not bother about details;" and he stretched the cheque across the table. "I had valued them at sixty thousand," said the connoisseur, with, if possible, extra geniality. The smile on the dealer's face grew faint, and there was an accent of sharpness in his voice: "You must be joking! Why, you will never have such another offer!" "Then," said the connoisseur comfortably, "I shall keep the pictures!" So "*plenus veteris Bac-*

chi, pinguisque ferine"—it was after lunch—the dealer went his way; and within three months the collection was sold for seventy-four thousand pounds. And here lies the moral: *that dealer bought most of the pictures.* This story is not merely *ben trovato*; it is a solid historical fact. The dealer is still alive, though the connoisseur has become one in reality.

One day I was standing in a London auction-room, scowling at a millionaire who had just bought the picture I wanted (as a matter of detail he came up and scolded me for having "forced him to give"—its value) when I was tapped on the shoulder by a rather cadaverous Jew, who has since joined the majority. He had bought a water-color cheap, on the assertion that it had once been in a certain collection with which I was well acquainted; and he wanted to know if I would come and tell him by whom it had been painted, and whether it had really belonged to the gallery in question. I went with him, recognized the picture, asked him what he wanted for it, was told so much, and bought it then and there. "But," said my Judaic friend, "you have not told me who it's by." "Oh, I beg your pardon—David Cox; this is one of the specially rare works he did after his tour on the Continent, when he was trying to rival Cuypp!"

Those who are behind the scenes in the picture-world know that there are many points in connection with the purchase of pictures, irrespective of their artistic value, which have to be considered. For instance, a very slight observation of the market will show that there is scarcely any period at which the works of a certain school are not unfairly depreciated or unduly exalted. A golden rule for those who wish to acquire pictures is never to buy those which are in fashion at the moment; and this applies

not only to the works of any particular painter, but to those of the whole school to which such painter belongs. The professional picture-buying classes, even when not in actual agreement, act in concert; and as between them they command a good deal of money, they can and do influence the market very considerably. It is not too much to say that half-a-dozen men whom I might name could within a few months, if they thought it advisable, raise the value of any well-known artist by at least twenty-five per cent.—probably by much more. Circumstances have doubtless to be taken into consideration in the formation of a boom, and several are perhaps attempted for every one that comes off; but when the boom is once fully started, it is like a snowball collection, and increases in volume weekly. Probably in the origin there is some ground for its inception; but this is very quickly lost sight of. The picture-dealers buy; they recommend such works to their rich clients; the papers, knowing nothing of the matter, publish the inflated prices, and consequently help to enhance them; the influence descends, through the master whose works it was originally concerned with, to the pictures of all his contemporaries and pupils, till within a very few months people who would not have given a thousand pounds for the finest Gainsborough or Reynolds think nothing of spending double that sum on a Hoppner or a Sir Thomas Lawrence. In the same way it is possible for perfectly good and genuine painters to drop out of fashion, till you can pick up their works at a discount of from fifty to eighty per cent. on the original prices. Such are frequently painters who should be purchased by the wise collector of moderate means. For *if the work is really good it never goes permanently out of fashion*, and if it be

indifferent, never remains permanently in it. Take the present time, for example, when late eighteenth and early to mid-nineteenth century engravings and mezzotints are bought in at famine prices, as much as fifteen hundred pounds being given for a single impression! These prices are simply the result of a skilfully engineered boom; the bubble may burst any day, and mezzotints will drop like the shares in a West African goldfield. If the newspapers did their duty, if the State cared anything about art and artists, if there were even any real body of critical opinion which expressed itself in the country, such inflation would never have taken place. The result is almost wholly bad. A few middlemen are enriched; but the real artworkers of the country do not touch these profits. On the contrary, the money which might have been expended in purchasing their works is diverted elsewhere. It cannot be too often repeated, for it cannot be too clearly understood, that the most vital interests of the middlemen are directly concerned in maintaining these inflated prices, especially as regards sales by auction; for not only is a considerable portion of their profit derived from making purchases on commission—in which case, of course, the higher the price paid by the purchaser, the higher the profit of the broker—but as the picture, if purchased by the dealer himself, is always sold at a percentage on the price which he has paid for it, it follows that so long as that price can be maintained the larger will be his profit. Nor is this all; for, by a well-known though unacknowledged custom, a dealer is generally allowed to charge a higher rate of profit on what are called "important works"—that is, those of excessive value—than he is on pictures of ordinary quality; there is a con-

vention that his risks are greater, which is by no means necessarily the case, and that the sale is less immediate. Experience shows that in the few cases on record where a fine-art agent has given a special price for a picture, and been unsuccessful in selling it, the price ultimately asked is calculated, not on the value of the work, but on the length of time during which the capital has been invested. A notable instance of this occurred in the resale of the so-called Gainsborough, known as the "Duchess of Devonshire," where a price enormously in advance of that originally given was asked and obtained, purely on the ground of the time during which the picture had remained hidden. Not the least strange part of this matter was, that the authenticity of part at least of this picture was by no means assured, and in the opinion of the best judges the work had been so repainted as to be practically valueless as an example of the supposed artist.

There is another reason why the amount obtained in the auction-room requires to be regarded with much suspicion when advanced as a criterion of merit. It is that the price is not seldom the result of an unforeseen competition between private buyers, both of whom have left indefinite commissions with their agents, never dreaming that the work in question could fetch any very high price; or it may be that the competition is between millionaires and folk of that kind, or a wealthy amateur and one of the great foreign galleries. I was once witness of a singular incident of this sort, though upon a very small scale. In a private collection there were two heads by a second-rate artist, both of pretty women, and both furniture pictures of cabinet size; the value of each being, at a liberal estimate, some twenty or thirty pounds.

The first, slightly the better of the two, was put up, and knocked down for twenty-seven guineas. The second, after hanging fire a little between thirty and forty pounds, went on, by bids from two buyers only, till it reached the astonishing sum of six hundred and twenty-four pounds, at which it was knocked down to a relation of my own. I asked him afterwards what on earth he wanted the thing for; and I found out that he had told his agent to buy it in at any price, as his wife had taken a fancy to it, and as he never dreamed of its fetching more than about thirty guineas. The other bidder was a broker who had received an unlimited commission from an old maiden lady, who "thought the girl had such a sweet face." It is fair to say that neither principal was in the auction-room when the sale took place. The successful bidder was very sad on the subject, and as he was my own father, I had the pleasure of seeing the work in question for many subsequent years.

Similar accidents are by no means so uncommon as may be supposed; and it is rather pleasant to notice that the middlemen themselves occasionally lose their heads in the excitement of an auction. I once saw one go on bidding against himself five or six times, though I own this is a unique case.

As this is intended to be a practical article, a last word may be said by way of warning to those who attend picture-sales. Private buyers should rarely bid for themselves; still more rarely should they employ a broker without previously determining the limit to which he is to go. A quiet inspection of the picture on the previous day, alone, is most desirable; then can be asked and answered the following questions: What is this picture worth to me, to look at? What

is it likely to sell for? Can I afford to pay so much for the pleasure I shall obtain? No picture should be bought by any ordinary person unless he can afford to regard the price paid as money gone. True, the value may remain—may even increase; but the probabilities are the other way; besides which, pictures bought with an idea of selling them again are not really productive of much pleasure—at all events of the right kind. On the question of value, remember that a dealer's is, by the very nature of the case, an interested opinion—often a doubly interested opinion, for he has frequently views concerning the special work of art himself, in addition to those relating to his commission. Moreover, a dealer's opinion, even supposing you can get at it really, is very rarely a good one as to the æsthetic value of a picture. It may be sound as to authenticity, and even

Chambers's Journal.

as to quality; but on the main point of all, which is the question of beauty, the dealer's intuition is habitually at fault. To sum up the whole matter, the purchase of pictures should be conducted on the same principles which govern the ordinary transactions of life. There is nothing really occult in the matter. Purchasers should buy what interests them, and what they can afford to pay for; and having bought them, should utilize the experience of their practice in subsequent transactions. By so doing they will gradually come to the knowledge that the best pictures are those of which the appeal is an enduring one, and that the endurance of such appeal is based upon correspondence with natural fact and sincerity of meaning. Such sincerity may be either intellectual or emotional; it cannot be frivolous or artificial.

Harry Quilter.

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS.*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

IV. THE BERSAGLIERI.

My mind was forcibly diverted from Latin grammar by a passion which had a distinct effect on my whole life, finding vent fourteen years later in a book which marked the first stage of a journey that may end, perchance, with these pages. I refer to my passion for soldiers, or to speak more accurately for the *bersaglieri*, who formed the only garrison of our city. If they had been infantry of the line, I am certain that my enthusiasm would have been less, since though my devotion was due in part to the warlike spirit of the time,

and my own ardent nature, it was also partly due to the beauty of the uniform, the agility of the manœuvres and the personal prestige of these "children of Alessandro La Marmora." Never I am sure did child of my years entertain a more ardent passion; though many have been much more strongly inclined than I towards a military career. It was a real monomania, not to be cured by exhortation, reproof, or punishment. On every holiday, and on other days too, both before and after school, I ran away from home at all hours in order to follow the cocks' plumes¹ to the

*Translated for The Living Age.

¹ Worn by the Italian "sharp-shooters" in their low glazed hats.

training-field, to the rifle-practise, to their "athletics." I would even escort them for miles into the country when they went on a march, yes, though the rain might be falling, and I used to return to the city in a state fit to soften the heart of a stone. When I heard those witching trumpets sound beneath my window, no force could hold me back (if they had locked the door I should have slid down a rope from the window!) but away I rushed, leaving luncheon or Latin, without hat or neck-tie, sometimes even in my shirt-sleeves, like a thief pursued by the police. In this way I soon picked up a complete theoretic knowledge of military matters:—the trumpet signals, the daily round, all the minutiae of barrack-life. I knew, too, most of the sergeants and corporals of the garrison; and many of these knew me also, and used to greet me, calling me by name, as they might have done a friendly puppy. Nor was I a mere *dilettante*, content to stand and stare. In the intervals of repose, during the manœuvres of the target-practice, I used to wedge my way in so as to listen to their talk and make myself useful. I used to get them water, buy for this one and that a cent's worth of grapes or chestnuts, hand their hats and knapsacks and help them clean the dust from their cloaks; and it was my great reward to be allowed to stroke their plumes to shining smoothness, or to stick a carbine into the ground by means of the spur which they then had at the joint. When I want to recall those days, I have only to shut my eyes and concentrate my thoughts, and as if it were really rising to my nostrils, I sniff again the odor of those leather belts and gaiters, of the spent cartridges and the smoke of the guns, and even the hot steam of the broth cooking in the barrack kitchen. Seeing me bare-headed, dusty and bedraggled, as I often was, many of the *bersaglieri* took me for

some little *gamin*, playing truant from factory or shop, and when I told them who my father was, they used to laugh at the joke and say that, for one of my age, I had a pretty gift at drawing the long bow. But such was my military infatuation that I was not offended even by these jeers. As a general thing too, especially from the common soldiers, I received only expressions of the most touching sympathy. How many are there of whom I still remember, the voices, the dialectal peculiarities, the favorite expletives, even the gait! And I remember that while I hurried along to the sound of the trumpet, or feasted my eyes on the manœuvring battalions, my imagination was always feverishly active, filled with visions of camp and battle-field, and warlike adventures of every sort, in which my favorite soldiers always played the rôle of conquering heroes. So strong was my passion within me that to this day, the country-side about that city, the banks of the two streams which enclose and all the roads which lead to it, come before my mind, all dotted with the black of the *bersaglieri's* uniforms and the silver sheen of their bayonets.

I knew a great many of the officers too, by sight and name, and I can still recall the appearance of many of certain young subalterns, destined to attain distinguished rank, or a soldier's death, in the Crimea, on the fields of San Martino or Custoza or fighting against the brigands. I remember a tall adjutant major, at whose haughty face I used to glance in timid curiosity because the story ran—and it was perfectly true!—that he used to punish his wife by handcuffing her. I remember too the famous negro lieutenant Amatore and the son of Sebastiano Tecchio, then a beardless second lieutenant, who seemed a mere boy, but who was a great lady-killer; also Lieutenant Franchini, who in 1861—being by then a Major—arrested the famous Borjes

and had him shot; and Captain Pallavicini, who as Colonel arrested Garibaldi at Aspromonte, and whom I saw one morning on my way to school, when they were taking him in a carriage to the military hospital. He had been badly wounded in a duel, and I heard the day after from the soldiers, that he said with a laugh as they sewed up the cut, "By Jove! I never expected to see the color of my bowels!" I recall many another, but I had no private relations with persons of this exalted rank, nor did I ever dream of enjoying such an honor, for an officer of *bersaglieri* seemed to me a divinity. My affections were engaged by the rank and file—*bassa forza* was the expression then in vogue—and so ingenuous were my sentiments, so full of poetry and reverence that when, of a fête-day, I saw any of my plumed friends in bad company I felt a stab of pain at my heart mingled with a sense of shame, which made me mourn for a while, as for a lost illusion.

V. CORPORAL MARTINOTTI.

Among my many likings, I made one friendship, which remains among the dearest recollections of my childhood. There was a Trumpet-Corporal, a native of Mortara if I am not mistaken, a young fellow of medium height, lithe and robust, a typical *bersagliere*. His features were strong and wore a serious expression, but he was full of kindness; his manners were simple and pleasant; his name was Martinotti. He took a fancy to me through having seen me plunging along to the sound of his trumpet with my tongue lolling from my mouth. We scraped acquaintance on the training-field; then we began taking walks together during my leisure hours in the neighborhood of my home. He treated me like a man, which flattered my vanity and enhanced my affectionate gratitude. He spoke to me of his family, his career,

his superior officers; told me all the gossip of the garrison, giving me all the particulars with the greatest gravity, while I listened with the most devoted attention. At home my one theme of conversation was Corporal Martinotti, whom my brothers to tease me dubbed "the General." He wanted me to say "*tu*" when I spoke to him, but I never got up sufficient courage. To be seen on the street at his side was my pride, and when he took me to the *café* to drink soda-water, I felt a halo settle round my head: I should not have been more set up had Count Cavour himself invited me. He called me by my Christian name, but abbreviated because it seemed to him too long as it was and hard to pronounce. He turned it into Mondo or Mondino. One day he gave me a discarded set of his sleeve-straps, made of yellow woollen stuff. I took my treasure home, sewed them on my jacket sleeves and for many a day I went, thus clad, to my Latin class—my Latin as queer as my costume. My adoration for him reached such a pitch, that I imitated his walk and accent, and whistled from morning to night the "Marches" which he most frequently called upon his trumpeters to play. I do not remember how long this happiness of mine endured; I know that I expected it to last forever,—as if Martinotti were likely to live his life out in our city!—because it would hurt my feelings to have him go. But the end came suddenly.

One night toward dusk, at the hour of "retreat", meeting me on the ramparts, he said:—

"Did you know that I am off to-morrow, with the battalion, Mondino?" And seeing that I did not understand, he added, "Off for the Crimea."

People had been talking about the Crimean war for some time, but somehow, it had never occurred to me that he might be ordered there. I could not find my voice. He smiled at my emo-

tion, his eyes full of compassion, then tried to console me by saying, "I've good hopes of escaping the Russians. They won't want to kill us all. And if I get off, it's quite likely that I shall come back here. Brace up, Mondino! We shall meet again some day."

I could not keep back my tears. He looked at me for a little earnestly, gravely, then turned and ran away, as though he had heard the sudden call of one of his superior officers. I went home sad at heart, and had hardly crossed the threshold when I told my mother the mournful tidings, broken by a sob, "Corporal Martinotti . . . is going to the war."

"Poor fellow!" she exclaimed, then added to console me that I would better go and wave him a farewell at the station.

Next evening I rushed to the station, but it was empty. The battalion had left in the morning.

And I stood there a while, gazing with tearful eyes at the shining rails along which my friend had been borne away, following him in my fancy to that far distant country full of terror and mystery, from which I did not believe that he would ever return.

The Crimean War is the first public event of which I find any trace in my memory; and these traces are in general so few and scanty that I am amazed. For I was then nearly nine and the great matters to the discussion of which I daily listened ought surely to have made upon me a keener and more profound impression. Of all that preceded the expedition I only recall a single phrase, "Let us wait till we see what Austria does." It was the Post-Office Inspector who said this, in our house to my father, whose image rises before me as I then saw him, seated in a corner of the dining-room one leg crossed upon the other and an arm swinging behind the back of his chair. Of the departure of the troops, after my

corporal's battalion had started, I remember only one episode;—the picture of a young peasant-woman standing on the top of the rampart sobbing,—her head thrown back, her arms outstretched in anguish and crying, after all the rest had ceased "*Ciao! Ciao!*" as the train sped across the distant bridge, the plumes of the *bersaglieri*, still visible, waving from the carriage windows. Then I remember my mother with the *Gazetta del Popolo* in her hands, and how, overcome by emotion, she broke down in the middle when she tried to read the description of the burning of the *Cræsus*, a few days after it had cleared from Genoa, having our soldiers on board. Of all the rest of the time that the war lasted nothing remains in my memory but a haze, through which I see a dozen ragged urchins, gathered in a group at the further end of my courtyard and singing a certain war-song. I see the twisted grimacing mouth of one of these boys, whose name was Clemente and who used to say *Crinea* instead of *Crimea*, and I still remember a verse of the aforesaid song, from which the reader may judge whether the common people had at that time a very clear idea of our alliances, for the verse said:—

The English have their barracks
In the middle of the sea:
Napoleon's good cannon
Will destroy them utterly.

What I do remember is that I often thought about my corporal so far away, and that, after his departure, I ceased to have anything to do with the few *bersaglieri* who still remained, as if he had taken with him all the poetry of his corps and all the enthusiasm of my heart.

I have the most vivid recollections of my play-mates of those days, to some of which I often recur, and linger over

them, because in them I discern the first cause of many a theory, tendency and partiality which I have cherished in later life. As the great court-yard of our house stood always open it formed the meeting-place and playground for all the small fry of the neighborhood, and so it befell that from my babyhood I came into contact with boys of all sorts, children for the most part of artisans and small retail dealers, some of them very poor who wore their garments till they dropped from them in rags, and went bare-foot half the year. With these I lived long on fraternal familiarity,—our friendship cemented by truant expeditions into the country, by exchange of blows and of presents, by ruptures and reconciliations, by a thousand games of ball, and by scrapes of all sorts. Some may think that I had too much liberty, that such associates must have been harmful. Well, I, on the contrary, am grateful to my father and mother for having given me so free a rein, for having permitted me to become as intimate as I liked with those little ragamuffins,—from whom, besides, they could only have kept me sundered by isolating me completely. It was then that I learned to know the life and the character of the poor, as no one can ever do who has not lived among them as a boy, and had associates of his own age in that social class; who has not observed in embryo, so to speak, those lower orders, from whom we are later separated by too many mutual prejudices and suspicions. It was my easy give and take with these little tatterdemalions which caused me to feel for the poor an affection and pity, which made me invariably their friend at heart when, in later years, I came in contact with the lowly. For those early friendships prevented my ever entertaining the "little gentleman's" feelings of vanity and pride, which, developing as time goes on, finally close many a heart to those

sentiments of humanity and justice, that knock when it is too late to find entrance. And, as for what pædagogic prigs now call "moral infection," the notion makes me smile; because on this point my memory is perfectly clear. I know that between the boys of my set whom I knew at school and the bare-foot urchins who should have "infected" me in our court-yard there was no kind of difference in the extent of their knowledge of forbidden things or their vocabulary for describing them. Or, if there were any difference it consisted in this:—that the well-dressed,—those whose easy circumstances gave them greater freedom of mind while their substantial diet stimulated the imagination,—were much more prone to the discussion of interdicted topics than the poor; preoccupied as the latter often were by hunger only half appeased, fatigue of body, quarrels at home, and the indiscriminate beatings administered by father, mother, and brothers alike.

Poor boys! I have never heard of any of them since I left the city, but they still live and speak in my memory, after more than forty years, as if we had parted yesterday. I still see, not only the faces but the clothes of all their number, with every patch and tear, the darns on their torn shirts, the shoes which had been passed on to them by older brothers, the matted hair which comb never penetrated, the cracking chilblains on their hands: I all but catch the odor of the paternal trade which each bore about with him. I have known, since then, hundreds of men of higher social ranks, whose characters were wonderfully close reproductions of the different types to be found among those boys. I can go further and say that I have met very few persons of so marked an originality of mind, that I do not seem long since to have met their prototypes in

the shape of some of those under-fed creatures. Change as we will our mode of life and the circle of our friends and acquaintances, we always find ourselves members of pretty much the same dramatic company; surrounded by the few inevitable masks and faces, which nature endlessly repeats. I remember one Tonino, the son of a wainwright, who used to wear a pair of little brass ear-rings;—a satirist by nature, wont to turn everything into a jest, but good at heart, with a common-sense beyond his years, and possessing many a little mechanical accomplishment which won my envy and admiration. With him as a companion it was my delight,—a perfect carnival of pleasure indeed,—on rainy days to establish myself in a shed at the end of the garden and cook chestnuts in an earthen dish. There I used to play that I had been overtaken by a storm in a forest, and had taken refuge in a cave, without the slightest idea when I should be able to make my way home. I remember Nuccio, and his Arab face. He was a fisherman's son and emptied everybody's pockets of chestnuts when we played *castellina*; had an unbridled tongue, with an unrivalled command of slang, and was ready, for a consideration, to put his vocabulary at anybody's service. For four dry figs he would pour out his billingsgate, the morning or afternoon long. Then there was Tommasino, whose father sold chickens, a pale little fellow with a mere thread of a voice, a gentle soul who cried at nothing, and whom everybody delighted in tormenting. There was Giacometto, the milk-woman's boy, small and well-made, a pleasant little rascal, inveterately, almost idiotically good-natured, but capable, when pushed too far, of "seeing red" and putting everyone to flight by his rage. And poor Andrea, what can have become of him? An unlucky foundling, now the errand-boy of a

basket-maker, for whom everyone had a blow at the shop and abroad. Yet he was always gay and cheery, as though kicking or cuffing had on him the hygienic effect of a *douche*, without his equal in "jumping pennies" or leaping with his ankles tied together. And let me not forget the "friar", son of the rag-man, who had acquired his nickname because of a vow which his parents had made, while he was yet very small, to dress him like a monk. The little friar had the noble head of a philosopher planted askew on the shoulders of a hunchback, and it was he who brought to us in the court-yard all the scandal of the neighborhood. He was at once the shrewdest and most talkative of our number and so droll that the very sight of him set us off into fits of laughter. And then there was Gilgetto, the cobbler's son, who was such a notable thief of bird's nests,—my own Sancho Panza who attended me on all my adventurous expeditions into the country, and who regularly got a beating from his mother when we returned because he as regularly came back indecently denuded of his nether garments. And the little Savoyard, such a handsome blonde fellow!—always grave in manner, the orphan son of a tavern-keeper, whom the bigger boys used to tease by certain mysterious allusions to his sister which furnished me a theme for much meditation. I remember her coming once to the court-yard in search of him, prettily dressed, with short curling hair and a leather belt about her waist. I remember the odor of essence of violets which accompanied her, and how for a long time after those curls always rose before my mind when I caught that perfume.

But the one whom I remember most clearly is a boy under ten, Clemente, the one who said *Crinea*, a finished scallawag, who had the makings in him of a criminal. It was my experience of

him which had convinced me, long before I read Lombroso, that there is such a thing as the born criminal. He was a perfect little Don Quixote of crime. His highest ideal was to become a famous cutthroat, and he boasted of his present right to the title with an impudence which made one long to knock him down. He always carried in his pocket a small, blunt shoe-cutter's knife with which he used to terrorize us, giving us stealthy peeps at it and perpetually threatening to make use of it. He was always boasting that the police had their eye on him and that he wasn't afraid of them, having already escaped more than once from their hands. It would take more than two *carabinieri* he said, to arrest him. To hear him talk you would have thought that he habitually prowled all night; and that no night was without its deed of prowess, to which he would make vague allusions, winking one eye and twirling with two fingers his non-existent moustache. One day he had the impudence to take me to a certain alley and show me some stains on the pavement which he said were blood;—blood shed there by a man and a bully to whom he had had to give a lesson. On another day he pointed out to me the door of a ground-floor room in the City Hospital where the bodies of such as met a violent death used to be exposed, and murmured in my ear,—“I’ve sent more than one to that room, let me tell you!” I fancied he might be exaggerating a little, but never doubted that there was some truth in his statements. He inspired me with a great terror which I tried to conceal, and I used to propitiate him, by giving him almost every day the fruit which fell to my share at table, and, sometimes other food not properly my own. In return he posed as my protector and to make sure of a continuance of my favors invented tremendous tales about the enemies I had,—the villains who

wished my life,—while every now and again he used to boast of having unearthed some of their machinations, of having surprised them and put them to flight with his knife as they lurked, in a sinister manner, about my home. Whereupon I made further raids upon the store-room to reward the pretended good offices of my brigand friend.

In real truth he had as yet nothing very serious upon his conscience:—he was only a bully and a liar. But there was another who had already entered upon his career. He came but seldom to the court-yard because he lived at a distance. Whose son he was I do not know, nobody’s perhaps. He was always on the go, and spent more nights under the moon than under the rafters, if indeed he had a roof to cover him. He was a professional thief, especially of fruit. If he passed a fruit-seller, no matter what time of day it was nor who might be in sight, he would grab a peach or a bunch of grapes and be off at a speed which no legs could rival: he was a winged thief. He had a bad face; but how should he have had a good one, poor fellow! He had come up like a wild animal in the woods. Yet I did not then pity him, as I should to-day. I was much more afraid of him than even of Clemente, and so I used to greet him with especial politeness when he honored my homestead with a visit. One day, after having won from me a penny playing *bocce* (I always let him win) he started off down the street and I stood watching him from the great gate-way. Just then a policeman came along,—stiff as a ramrod and six feet tall,—who seeing the back of the boy a pistol shot in advance, exclaimed “Now I’ve got him!” He sped off upon tip-toe, with short, swift steps, caught up with my friend, and nabbed him by the arm. The boy howled in anguish and begged for mercy, but his captor did not weaken, and dragged him away. I

stood there congealed with terror, feeling myself his accomplice, sure that his lot would soon be mine. Pale and trembling, I regained the house where I lay in covert all day, peeping every now and then from the window, my heart a-flutter lest the tall policeman should heave in sight, his bearing eloquent of the purpose, "Now for the other!" I never saw that boy again. Except for him and the putative cutthroat, all the others were at bottom good fellows, incapable of any real harm, very affectionate some of them and already a help to their families. Moreover they

Nuova Antologia.

all liked me notwithstanding our frequent squabbles, because, less from set purpose than because I really liked them, I never made them feel my social superiority. This did not prevent my sometimes playing the bully too, from instinctive impulse; but I remember that when they said to me, as they always did in such cases, that I did it because I was a gentleman their words would stab me to the heart, and that, confused and humiliated I would try to secure my pardon by every species of courtesy and even adulation.

(To be continued.)

COCK ROBIN.

Rob Nutgal learned more in the year after he quitted the sea than all the fifty years he had spent on and in it had taught him. Those fifty rough years about the face of the waters had taught him all a sailorman might learn. That included not a few things he found it difficult to unlearn, and it left on one side not a few things which most men learn with difficulty. It remained for a pale worn woman and a crooked small boy to teach him the other things.

He had been a good-enough husband as sailormen go, and as far as the wife at home knew. A fair share of his hard-earned wages had reached her tireless hands, and if the rest had been spent in ways she might not have approved of—well, sailoring is a hard life, and what the woman at home does not know as actual fact she does not worry about if she be a wise woman, and Mrs. Nutgal had in her many elements of wisdom.

She was thrifty too, and while Rob was roaming abroad she turned her

talents—and such share of his as he brought home to her from time to time—to good account in a small general shop in the upper part of the old main street of Shingleigh, the part where the old roadway used to run level with the doors of the houses, but has since been cut down a good six feet. This necessitates a flight of stone steps to each shop, with an iron handrail for the nervous; and, except just at meal times, every single step in front of every single shop is covered with children, through whom would-be customers must wade as through a heavy surf.

Mrs. Nutgal did not make much money by her shop, but she kept herself and her children above actual want until they were able to fend for themselves. And, after all, that is more than ampler provision sometimes leads to. As the youngsters grew up they drifted away on their own account, some to sea and some beneath it, and some to distant parts, whence came intermittent letters sometimes asking help, and sometimes, but more

rarely, tendering it for the sake of old times. When the letters ceased coming Mrs. Nutgal's lips pinched the tighter, and in her moments of leisure—say in bed at night, when she was too tired to sleep—her thoughts went out after the wanderers, and she wondered vaguely what evil had befallen them.

Her one consolation in Rob's last long absence was the boy Robin, child of her old age, and the only one remaining of a handful. Rob had been greatly taken with this late comer the last two times he had been at home. But he had not been gone to sea a week, the last time of all, when the poor little fellow had a terrible fall from a neighbor's arms, and the result, after a long illness, was—Cock Robin—Cock Robin with his humped back and shortened leg, and the perpetual quick tap-tap-tapping of his little crutch, and the sharp little face with the gleam in it, and the quick black eyes which regarded you with just exactly the shy trustfulness of his namesake of the snows.

The sight of him, so different from the straight, sturdy little chap he had been carrying about in his mind, would be a terrible shock to Rob when he came home, and he would likely lay the blame to her, and at first the mother looked forward to his coming with some dread. But, as the time lengthened and Rob did not come, she began to fear that the inevitable had happened, and that she would never set eyes on him again.

Then suddenly, after two years' absence, he walked into the little shop one day and announced that he was going to sea no more. He was sixty-five, and he had had sailing enough to last him the rest of his life. This last voyage had been a terror even to his experience—ship ill-found, accommodation not fit for dogs, officers drunken bullies, and he himself in purgatory for the last six months with

rheumatism. His bones ached still when he thought of the night watches which seemed as if they would never end, and the day watches which still stood up before him like solid gray-green slabs of misery, when his joints were like rusted hinges and his eyes swam with the pain that never slept.

His joints were still rusty and his knuckles knobbly, but a long spell ashore would set him right. He would assist his wife in the shop and take things easy. He had lived this last two years as meagrely, both in point of quality and quantity, as would have made many a dog turn up its nose, if not its toes also. His keep would cost very little extra, and the snug warmth of the dark little parlor behind the dark little shop came not far from his ideas of heaven.

It took him some time to shake down to 'longshore life. He felt odd and big and out of place in the shop, where he could hardly turn round without dislocating the stock. But he stuck close to it all through the winter, smoking intermittent pipes over the small fire in the parlor, and spinning interminable yarns to the eager Robin, who would sit by the hour in the glimmer, gazing at him with wide eyes and open mouth, and an appetite that never had too much.

They were as good friends as ever, these two, once the father had grown accustomed, though never reconciled, to the humped back and the short leg and the twinkling crutch. These things had weighed heavily on him just at first—so much so that, more than once, in the early days of their acquaintance, he had found it necessary to adjourn to "The Mariners' Rest" round the corner for the purposes of recuperative consolation.

On one such occasion he found an old shipmate, just landed, with his pay burning his pockets, and they consoled one another, and relieved the ship-

mate's swelling to such an extent that Rob Nutgal returned home drunk.

He rolled through the little shop like a cyclone, leaving destruction in his wake, and dropped into his chair before the fire, and sat staring into it in a state of happy fuddlement. His wife's lips pinched momentarily as she straightened things up behind him and shut the door, but she said nothing. She knew sailormen's ways, and he was a good man on the whole.

Presently Robin came tapping quickly through the shop.

"Dad here, mother?" he asked cheerfully, and she had a customer at the moment and could only nod to him.

"Hullo!" said Robin as he dropped on to his stool. "Where you been? I bin looking all round the town for you."

"Ay, ay!"

"What you bin doing?" asked the sharp little voice as the sharp little eyes recognized something abnormal in his companion.

"Ay, ay!"

"You're drunk."

"Ay, ay!"

"I'm not going to stop wi' a drunk man," and Robin got up and steadied himself on his crutch, and the little peaked face gleamed red and angry.

"Ay, ay!" and Robin stumped away and did not return.

The old man quietly slept off the effects of his enjoyment, and when he woke up looked for his small companion. But Robin would have nothing to do with him for two whole days, and regarded him with suspicious reserve each time they met.

But shipmates with bulging pockets were not very common, and matters soon settled down again into their old groove.

Then a great misfortune fell on them. The hard-working mother sickened and took to her bed, and Rob and the boy were on their beam ends.

They did their best, but she was very tired. She had slaved for fifty years and rest was grateful to her, though so unusual that she could hardly lie still in her bed for thinking of the shop and everything going wrong in it.

They did their best, but they made better nurses than shopkeepers, and Mrs. Nutgal knew it and it did not tend to quietness of mind.

Since the business could not run itself, Rob prevailed on some neighbor wives to take turns in the sick-room during the day, while he and Robin mismanaged affairs down below between them.

Rob had had the general idea that a sailorman could turn his hand to pretty well anything. He found himself woefully mistaken. All those little drawers and boxes, and all their various contents, mixed themselves up till they set his brain spinning and became a perfect nightmare to him.

Certain regular lines he could handle without fear, and he eyed each caller with suspicious apprehension till he learned what was wanted, and the air of relief that came over him when it was only sugar, or tea, or butter, or lard, always set folk laughing. But when the article required was out of the general run he lost himself completely, and wandered about in helpless bewilderment, pulling open drawer after drawer and opening box after box with the vague hope that something might come of it. Now and again the customer, if an old one, would obligingly indicate where the thing usually came from and would tell him how much he ought to receive for it, and he was duly grateful. And if between them they failed to find it, Rob would slip off his shoes and steal up the creaking stairs and poke his head it at the bedroom door and ask in a hoarse whisper, "Where's the dried apples?" or the candied peel, or the

haricot beans, or whatever it was that was urgently needed below.

And the sick woman would give him her instructions in a labored whisper, and he would softly pick his way down again with a scrumpled face and his burden of information, and so fearful was he of forgetting it that he would not open his mouth until the article he was in search of was safely in his hands.

Robin helped as far as he was able, and his bird-like black eyes would often leap to a thing long before his father had found it; but his knowledge was scant and unpractical at best, and only the result of casual observation.

They made many ludicrous mistakes, and some of their customers were smart enough to take advantage of their ignorance. As a rule, however, they helped the two innocents as well as they could, and only laughed and corrected them when they were served with starch instead of taploca, and borax instead of soda. Rob's descent into the arena of commerce gave him quite new ideas of his wife's capabilities, and when he ascended at night to the higher regions he got still deeper insight into the matters of which he had hitherto known little.

The quiet confidence of the sick woman made a great impression on him. She said very little, but she had no slightest fear of what lay ahead of her, and she was perfectly prepared for it.

Her only anxiety was in leaving them behind so ill-prepared for the battle of life. Rob assured her many times that they would get on all right, but she shook her head and remained doubtful. She knew by experience how much greater were the demands made upon one by a retail shop than by the seafaring life, and she knew how little fitted a sailorman was to cope with the smart people ashore. Her thoughts had never been much for herself, and now they were less so than ever.

Rob pondered matters deeply, and at times, in the night watches when his spell was on, she spoke to him of the things that were in her, as one who knew and would presently know still better.

"If you'd promise to quit the drink altogether, Rob, I'd die happy. You never done much at it, I know, and it's hard on a sailorman to give it up. But it's not you I'm thinking of. It's the boy. He'll have no one but you, and—"

"I'll give it up from now, Bess. So help me I'll never touch drop again."

"Thank you, Rob," she said, and died that night.

It was a prescient understanding of the ways of men, or possibly an opening of the eyes that were about to close, that got that promise from him. For when she was gone his difficulties increased all round, and but for his pledged word he would inevitably have found his consolation at "The Mariners' Rest," which tempted him sorely at times, but whose swing doors he never once pushed open.

He and Robin whipped their brains over the business, and it was a sight to see them sitting of a night in the back parlor discussing the day's doings and making up their accounts, and trying to make up their minds what to order from the wholesaler who supplied most of their requirements, and whose traveller would be calling in a day or two.

Mrs. Nutgal used to stand behind her little counter and reel off the list as if it were a recitation, with just a glance here and there which seemed to pierce through drawers and boxes, with caustic comments anent previous discrepancies in qualities and quantities, and with an intimate acquaintance with every detail of her little business which Rob forlornly confessed he never could hope to attain to.

"A wonderful woman, Robin, my

man," he would say. "What a head she had to be sure! And how in God's—I mean, how the dev—the dooce—er—however we're agoin' to get along without her—you and me—flattens me. Makes my head swim to think of all them drawers emptying of themselves day after day, and we got to keep 'em all full, and got to put the right thing in the right drawer and not get any of 'em mixed! You'll have to use them brains of yours, my man, and help your old dad through, or he'll be p'isoning someone with giving 'em saleratus instead of baking powder again." At which reminiscence Robin would smile mournfully.

"We'll manage somehow, dad," and he would make shift to look cheerful at the prospect. "We'll be extra careful and ask 'em to make sure they've got the right stuff before they use it."

"They'll have us, my man, some of 'em will. They're too smart for an old sailorman what doesn't know the rights and wrongs of things yet. D—dum 'em! I'm getting to doubt every one that comes into the shop. They're too dum smart. There was that Mrs. Bilboe to-day now. Take her. She swore she'd always had the tea out of that middle drawer at fourpence the quarter, an' everybody else gets it out the end drawer. She's a shark, that's what she is, my man, just a 'longshore shark, and they're the worst kind God ever made."

"Change the drawers next time you see her coming," suggested Robin brightly.

And old Robin looked at him open-mouthed for a moment, and then solemnly shook hands with him and said, "You take after your mother, Robin. She'd been proud o' you if she'd lived to see this day."

They got along somehow in a way, but it was a way that could only lead to one result.

It is not easy for a bluff sailorman to

adapt himself to the little intricacies of commerce. It is the perfect understanding of these, even in so small a business as this, which makes all the difference between profit and loss. Poor old Rob rumbled his straggly hair through his fingers at night in the little back parlor and wondered however his wife had managed to make a living. He did his best during the day to look preternaturally knowing, but his customers knew better, and the traveller for Durtons' who replenished his small stock knew better still, and they all, customers and traveller, cracked cheery jokes with him and were as friendly as could be, but took little advantages of him all the same. Between the devil and the deep sea he found himself gradually getting on to the rocks, and it caused him much distress of mind and many sleepless nights.

He tried to jettison his conscience and sneak the little counter-advantages which form an essential part of the game; but it was against his nature, and he played his hand badly. He suffered far more from the poignant recollections of his attempts at short weight, and little pinchings here and there in his own favor, than any possible profit could have compensated for.

He seriously considered the idea of giving up the shop before it gave him up—as it undoubtedly would before long—and finding work of some kind. But work of any kind at sixty-five is no easy thing to find, and he knew it. And he groaned in the spirit, and sighed audibly over his pipe at night, and wondered what would be the end of it all, and when.

It tired him as it had tired his wife, and he came to understand just how she felt when she laid herself down at the last without the slightest wish ever to get up again, her only anxiety for those she was leaving behind.

He felt exactly the same. But for Cock Robin and the thought of him

being left all alone, and not well fitted, by accident, to fight his own way in the world, he would have laid himself down on the bed any night and been thankful never to waken again. But Robin was a fact, and a fact that had wound itself in and out and all round his heart-strings since his mother died. He fairly worshipped the lad, and the love of him, when he hugged him close in his arms of a night and listened to his quiet breathing, was the one joy of his life. It made him feel rich in spite of the poverty that drew in upon them like a narrowing iron ring.

Gloomy thoughts played havoc with him at night. They hunted him like a pack of wolves, and the lonely traveller fled before them and hugged his boy the tighter in his arms.

Ah! how simple it would all have been but for the boy! How very much simpler and how very much sadder!

For himself, he could have gone into the Sailor's Home, or the workhouse, or underground, and cared little which. They treated you well at the Sailor's Home, but it wasn't always you could get in. And the workhouse could not possibly be anywhere near as bad as many of the ships he'd been on. And as to underground, well, he wasn't quite sure but what that would be the best of all, as being a final settlement and not subject to any possibilities of further unpleasantness. There was a time when the thought of lying in earth did not commend itself to him. He used to recoil from it. But maybe, after all, it was just as satisfactory as being buried at sea. There were sharks and shrimps at sea if there were worms ashore. Sharks ashore, too, if it came to that. Take Mrs. Bilboe, now! And the thought of Mrs. Bilboe always urged him towards that natural gift of language against which, for Robin's sake, he had begun to wrestle manfully.

For Mrs. Bilboe, a burly widow wom-

an with a moustache and four uncouth youngsters, had cast eyes of longing on the little shop, and she was quite willing to take over Rob and Robin as part of the stock and fixtures. She talked insinuatingly to the junior member of the firm—"Treacle!" said Robin himself—and she set her cap at old Rob in the most barefaced fashion, and shrugged defiant shoulders at neighborly comment.

At times she even condescended to argue the matter with her commentators.

"Mr. Nutgal, he don't know the first thing 'bout keeping shop," she said. "He'll never make it pay. I would, and keep him in comfort for the rest of his life. Takes brains to run a shop nowadays, and he gets muddled, not being used to that kind o' work."

Her wooing was early Norman in its forcefulness. With no hope of attracting by gentle persuasiveness, she proceeded to pulverize the object of her attentions with a sense of his own shortcomings.

By way of proving his need of a guiding and helping hand she showed up his utter incapacity in a dozen ways every time she came into the shop, and he hated her worse each time she came.

"That tea ain't up to what it used to be, Mr. Nutgal," she would say, "and them dried apples ain't got no more smell in 'em than shavin's. Guess you ain't as smart a buyer as Mrs. Nutgal was."

"Some folks is too smart for me, I doubt," said Rob gloomily.

"Meaning——"

"Meaning the folks I'm thinking of."

"If I was a man——"

"Ah!"

"If I was a man it's not confessing to a thing like that I'd be after," said Mrs. Bilboe.

"If you was a man——" began Rob, with a spark in his eyes.

"Yes——?"

"Nothen," said Rob, restraining himself. "Quarr'ling ain't business."

"Quarr'ling? Bless me, who's talking o' quarr'ling, Mr. Nutgal? You'd have to go far before you'd find man or woman could say they'd ever quarr'led wi' Nancy Bilboe. And how are you, little man?" to Robin, who had come hopping up the steps on his crutch. "Why, you're spryer with that crutch o' yours than most folks is wi' their two legs."

"Treacle!" says Robin, and away into the parlor.

Mr. Nutgal knew what was in Mrs. Bilboe's mind quite as well as the neighbors did, and forewarned is forearmed. He would sooner have jumped into the harbor than let her marry him.

Things got worse and worse with him. He fell behind with his rent, and began to find it difficult to scrape up enough money to pay Mr. Polketty, the traveller from Durtons of Belcaster, who called once a month to collect his cash and take fresh orders. A smart, smoothspoken man was Mr. Polketty, and he needed to be. For Durtons were sharp as files, and took every possible advantage of the little shopkeepers among whom the bulk of their business lay. But they gave fairly long credit, and that covered many shortcomings in the eyes of their customers, who looked after themselves as well as they could. Most of them depended for their very existence on Durtons, and if Durtons had closed their doors two-thirds of the smaller dealers within a hundred miles of Belcaster would perforce have done the same. They made lots of bad debts, of course, but the others paid for them, and Durtons managed somehow to make an excellent thing of it.

It was an essential part of Mr. Polketty's duties to nose out approaching disaster and to snatch what he could for the firm. The rest of his time was given to collecting cash, taking orders, and smoothing over and making allow-

ances for the defects and defaults in the filling of the orders he had taken on his previous journey.

Rob had listened open-mouthed to his wife's deliverances to Mr. Polketty on the shortcomings of the firm and its goods, and had wondered at his imperturbability under the onslaught. But he did not know Mr. Polketty as well as Mr. Polketty knew his own business, and Rob never knew *his* own business well enough to talk to Mr. Polketty in the same strain.

Mrs. Nutgal had been a good customer to Durtons. If she had ever been able to get a little bit ahead she would have left them and done better. But on her death Mr. Polketty saw at once that Rob would never be a success as a shopkeeper, and though he was not without his feelings of compassion for the bluff old sea-dog, still business is business, and Durtons must not lose money, or Mr. Polketty might lose his place.

And so he had kept a sharp eye on things, and he had seen for some time past in a dozen little ways that before long he would have to stop supplies and step into possession.

He rather liked the boy. It was he first gave him the name of Cock Robin, and he always had a cheery word for him when they met. He wondered now and again what they would do when Durtons shut down on them, but it did not disturb his sleep at night.

Mr. Polketty was ascending the six steps that led up to Rob's shop one mid-day when a thunderbolt took him in the waistcoat and doubled him up like a clasp-knife. When he had opened himself out again he picked Robin up off the steps and gasped:

"Well, young man, that's a funny way of saying how-d'ye-do."

"Didn't see you," gasped Robin.

"What's up? Shop on fire?"

"No, I'm prattising Light'us."

"Eh? What's that?"

"I'm going to keep Light'us some time, an' I'm prattising going up and down steps."

"I see. That's a good idea. Let's see you go up them now. I know you can come down quick enough."

And Robin fitted his crutch and took a preliminary scuff along the level, and went up the steps like a bird.

"Bravo, Cock Robin!" clapped Mr. Polketty. "You'll do, old man. Here's a medal for you," and gave him a penny and told him to go and spend it while he had a talk with his father.

That talk left old Rob more despondent than ever. He had had to ask Mr. Polketty to give him extra time on a bill that was due, and Mr. Polketty had done so—on his signing a document which put Durtens in possession of the business if he failed to pay in due course. It gave him another month, but he had very little hope of paying it even then, save and scrimp as he might, and he had cut rations down to bare living point for a long time past. And then he and Robin would have to walk out paupers—to the workhouse, or the Harbor, or wherever a final resting-place might offer.

That dismal month added many years to his age, and as it drew to an end his spirits sank till they could get no lower without oozing out into his boots. What would become of them he could not tell and dared not think. Sixty-five years and seven, and a suit of clothes each, and a small crutch! A slim outfit for the grim battle of life!

The thought of it curdled poor old Rob's feelings till he groaned aloud of a night and woke Cock Robin from his sleep, and to quiet him he had to tell the boy that the rheumatics had gripped him again, and poor little Cock Robin rubbed the aching place, as he supposed, till he fell asleep again. What a mighty relief it would have been if it had only been rheumatics! He had thought rheumatics bad enough

at the time, but they were nothing to this. He knew not where to turn or what to do. The thought of the workhouse overlaid him like a nightmare. The Harbor drew him even more strongly. It was only the thought of Robin kept him back. If only he were alone how very little would it trouble him. As with his wife, he had come to the point of longing only to lie down and rest, and let the storms sweep by overhead as they chose.

But Robin! Poor little Cock Robin! How could he fight along alone? And the thought of him in the workhouse was too terrible. Better, infinitely better, to think of him quietly underground.

In his agony of fear for the lad, his heart cried poignantly to the Power which the life of the seas had dimly taught him to recognize, just as he had more than once cried out for help in times of peril—sweet juice of bitterness squeezed out by sheer weight of woe—

"God, take him sooner than have him suffer! Take him! Take him!"

And that seemed to him so much the better thing for the boy that the agonized cry became a continual prayer, though it never passed his lips in words. And sometimes, when he looked into Robin's gleaming face with that cry in his heart, he groaned dolorously in the spirit and felt like a murderer.

And yet! And yet! He felt hopeless and broken, and the thought of the crippled lad in the workhouse was too much for him.

He dragged through the dark days somehow, with all his little world crumbling into ruins about him. And no darker state seemed possible to him.

Then one night Robin came in less blithely than usual, and it seemed to his father that the little white face looked peaked and pinched as he had never known it before.

"Robin, ahoy! Where from, boy?" asked the old man, essaying a spurt

into cheerfulness which was very far from him.

"Watching Light'us light up," said Robin, "an' it were co-o-old," and the little teeth chattered and the little lips looked blue, and a hoarse cough broke from them which startled his father.

He hurried the boy to bed and piled blankets on him, and gave him a hot posset of bread and milk and rum such as he remembered his own mother giving him when he was a boy.

Robin fell into an uneasy sleep, and his father sat by the bedside watching him with gloomy apprehension. It dawned slowly on his tired soul that the answer to his broken calling was coming and that the lad was going.

Robin started up suddenly with a croak like the bark of a tortured dog, and sat choking convulsively, grasping for breath with his very hands, almost black in the face. His father sprang up in terror, and held him in his arms and patted him on the back, almost beside himself. But the boy fought through it and lay back, spent and gasping, and the old man sat down again, shaking all over, and waited fearfully for the next spasm. It did not seem possible for the frail little body to stand much of that kind of work.

He had asked to have the boy taken, yet now when he seemed like going, the old man's heart was torn with a sense of loss and utter desolation.

To have no Cock Robin to chirp and gleam at him, to nestle warmly in his rough old arms in bed, to sit on his knee at night, to feel and handle and love! Why, what had he been thinking of? The one only thing he had left in all the world that was his very own, and that could and did love him in return. Part with Cock Robin? Down he fell on his knees by the bedside and prayed hard for a reversal of his former prayer.

"God, I'm an old fool and don't know rightly what I want. But don't take the boy! He's all I've got. Take everything else but leave me him! Leave me him! Leave me him!" and he went on murmuring the last words with his head in his hands and his thoughts running free.

"And yet—I dun know . . . if it's to bring him sorrow maybe he's better away. . . . I dun know what's best . . ." A long pause, and then, at last—crude and rough, but pure gold hot from the fire—the prayer of prayers that all must come to sooner or later: "Do what Thee sees best Thysen, Lord, for I dunnot know."

He heard the lusty crying of a child through the wall of the next house. Robin on the bed jerked his head back again with that terrible bark which sounded like death. Rob sprang to him again and gave him the comfort of his arms, and heartened him with hopeful words, and feared each moment to see the little limbs straighten out into unnatural quiet. But they came through that bout too, and as soon as the boy lay still the old man hammered on the wall as if he would beat a passage through with his fists. Presently he heard a knocking on the shop door downstairs, and he ran down and opened it and found his neighbor there.

"Why, what's up, Mr. Nutgal?" he asked.

"T' boy's dying, I'm afeard. Will you wait w' him till I git doctor?"

"I'll send t' wife. She knows all about kids," and in two minutes the wife came hurrying up the stairs.

"Croup!" she said, as soon as she heard Rob's tale. "I lost one w' it just about his size. You run for doctor. I'll wait w' him. He'll maybe be quiet now till yo' git back. Go quick!"

No need to tell old Rob to go quick. He went for Robin's life, and he hauled the old doctor back by one arm, crab-fashion, like a side-hitched tug

bringing in a light ship against a cross gale.

The wife from next door had already lighted a fire in the room and put on the big kettle, and the Doctor nodded when he saw it.

"You've been here before?" he said.

"Ay!" said the woman. "But he went all the same," and she went back to her own youngsters, and the other two set to work to wrestle for the life of little Cock Robin.

When they had eased the constricted throat by means of hot water applications, and had the kettle steaming merrily into the room through a brown paper funnel which Rob deftly constructed, the Doctor sat down before the fire and drew the old man out. He was a student of more than medicine and would sooner read a man than any book that ever was written. And Rob, unstrung by his fears for Robin, told the genial old fellow all that was in him, and found relief in the telling. And the Doctor took it all in and mused upon it, and his musing bore fruit, as it had a way of doing.

"And what are you thinking of doing?" he asked.

"God knows! I dunnot," said Rob gloomily. "Work'us, I s'pose."

"There ought to be some better way than that. We must look round," said the Doctor thoughtfully. And Rob felt suddenly as if the dark clouds that enveloped him had opened and let through a ray of light.

Cock Robin had a pretty bad time of it. He had sat so long watching the Lighthouse light up that night that it came near to putting his own light out.

However, with the help of his father and the Doctor, he came through it all,

Longman's Magazine.

croup and chills and fever. And it was a Cock Robin that looked as if it had gone through an unusually hard winter that sat up in bed at last and did justice to the good things the Doctor brought him with his own hands.

"Why, Cock Robin," said the cheery old gentleman one day, "you'll be hopping about as lively as ever in no time. What are you going to make of yourself when you grow big?"

"Keep Light'us," said Robin, with sparkling eyes.

"Ay?" said the Doctor, taking a pinch of snuff and regarding him thoughtfully. "But you couldn't get up and down the stairs."

"Cou'n't I? You wait till you see. I bin practising."

"It's wonderful how he do go up and down 'em," said Rob, who had come up with the Doctor, leaving the shop to take care of itself. "He can beat me at it by a long chalk."

"Ay, ay! Well now, it's odd that idea should be in him, very odd. I'm on the Harbor Trust, you know, and old Rat-tray, out there on the Light, is getting pretty well on. He can take his pension any time. I was thinking of asking you if you'd care for the post, Mr. Nutgal, but I was afraid the boy's lameness would stand in your way. It's eighteen shillings a week and food and lodging found. What do you say?"

"I say Yes!" said Cock Robin with a shout. "I'd sooner keep a Light'us than be anything—'cept maybe it was a doctor."

Old Rob did not speak, but the hairy brown hand he shoved out to the Doctor shook with the things he left unsaid.

John Oxenham.

AVE VENEZIA ATQUE VALE.

To think of Venice without the Campanile of S. Mark is, to any one who has ever known her intimately, almost an impossibility. For it was not the Piazza di San Marco alone that the famous bell-tower dominated, but all Venice too, across whose silent ways that bell, rung by the watchman on the summit, by day and night, no longer sounds. So passes the glory of the world.

Begun in 902 under Doge Pietro Tribuno, it was not till 1150 under Doge Domenico Morosini that it was finished so far as the belfry, which was added under Doge Leonardo Loredan in 1510. The belfry and pyramid then added, completing the shaft, were the work of Buono: the belfry was a beautiful "open loggia of four arches in each face," and commanded a magnificent view of Venice and her islands. The whole tower, including the Angel which tipped it, was three hundred and twenty-three feet high, while the base measured forty-two feet. And now that it has fallen, a mere mass of ruin one hundred feet high in the piazza, we are beginning to realize perhaps what we have lost.

For four hundred years not one of our countrymen has visited Venice without being astonished at the beauty of the Campanile. John Evelyn thus writes of it in his "Diary" concerning his visit to Venice in 1645:—

Having fed our eyes with the noble prospect of the Island of St. George, the galleys, gondolas, and other vessels passing to and fro, we walked under the cloister on the other side of this goodly piazza, being a most magnificent building, the design of Sansovino. Here we went into the *zucca* or mint. . . . After this we climbed up the tower of St. Mark, which we might have done on

horseback, as 'tis said one of the French kings did, there being no stairs or steps, but returns that take up an entire square on the arches 40 foot, broad enough for a coach. This steeple stands by itself without any church near it, and is rather a watch tower in the corner of the great piazza 230 foot in height, the foundation exceeding deep; on the top is an angel that turns with the wind, and from hence is a prospect down the Adriatic as far as Istria and the Dalmatian side, with the surprising sight of this miraculous city lying in the bosom of the sea in the shape of a lute, the numberless islands tacked together by no fewer than 450 bridges.

Mr. John Evelyn seems to have made some mistake as to the height of the tower, and indeed, though as he says the foundation was exceeding deep, it was not deep enough to prevent our grief.

But the Campanile of S. Mark is not the only tower in Venice that we hold precious. In a halo of mist in early morning, sailing as it were on a sea as smooth and blue and transparent as the sky itself, rises the island of S. George, with its church and monastery and its mighty bell-tower, tipped, too, with a golden angel that looks like a tall lily, standing in the serene waters of some lake of fancy. Indeed one's first impression almost of Venice is one of rosiness, as though some soft indefinite rosy light shone through everything there. And it is from this tower of S. Giorgio Maggiore that, as I think, the finest view of Venice is to be seen,—finer than that from the tower of S. Mark, since one is as it were really outside Venice, almost in the sea, which, tired and motionless in the heat, completely surrounds one.

The church of S. Giorgio Maggiore

is the work of Palladio, and was begun in 1565. It is not long since Roman remains were discovered on the island, that was in old days called *Isola del Cipressi*—the island of the cypresses. It would seem that there was a Benedictine monastery here so long ago as 985. The Doge Domenico Michele is buried within the Church of Palladio. It was he who brought the two granite columns from Syria, that are now, and have been since 1180, the chiefest ornament of the *Piazzeta* exquisitely visible from S. Giorgio: with these he also brought the body of S. Isodoro, a not less precious gift. Over his tomb are carved the words, "*Terror Graecorum hic jacet.*" The monastery, together with how many others in Italy, has been secularized, and is now used as an artillery barracks.

It is perhaps from this island that one has the finest view of the Doge's palace, a dream of splendor in the distance. And one cannot help asking oneself as one gazes on so much beauty, How long will it remain with us to rejoice us of the modern world?

For in spite of the fact that the fall of S. Mark's Tower came as a surprise, at least to the outer world, though it would appear those responsible for the buildings of Venice had frequently been warned by their own architect of its inevitable fall unless various repairs were undertaken, it is not so long since we were told that that side of the ducal palace from which springs the Bridge of Sighs was gradually sinking into the mud, whither, in how short a time, all Venice must surely follow!

The inevitable decay of the piles of white poplar wood driven into the mud, the dredging of the lagoon and the tide-way for the huge modern ships, the wash and swirl and hurry of the penny steamboats up and down the Grand Canal that was surely

never meant for them—all have contributed towards the downfall of that majestic and lovely tower whose loss we have as yet hardly realized, whose fall has left our world by how great a thought less lovely than of old.

"The bells of San Marco," says d'Annunzio in his latest book, "gave the signal for the Angelus, and their ponderous roll dilated in long waves along the mirror of the harbor, vibrated through the masts of the ships, spread afar towards the infinite lagoon. From San Giorgio Maggiore, from San Giorgio del Greci, from San Giorgio Degli Schiavoni, from San Giovanni in Bragora, from San Moise, from the churches of the Salute and the Rendatore and beyond, over the whole domain of the Evangelist, from the far towers of the Madonna dell' Orto, of San Giobbe, of Sant' Andrea, bronze voices answered mingling in one great chorus, spreading over the silent company of stones and water one great dome of invisible metal, the vibrations of which seemed to reach the twinkling of the earliest stars. In the purity of evening the sacred voices gave the City of Silence a sort of immensity of grandeur. From the summit of their temples they brought anxious mankind the message sent by the immortal multitudes hidden in the darkness of deep aisles, or mysteriously troubled by the light of votive lamps; they brought to spirits worn out by the day the message of the superhuman creatures figured on the walls of secluded chapels and in the niches of inner altars, who had announced miracles and promised worlds, and all the apparitions of the consoling Beauty invoked by unassuming Prayer rose on that storm of sound, spoke in that aerial chorus, irradiated the face of the marvellous night."

That chorus has gone for ever, having lost its chiefest voice. How long will its broken song, gradually diminishing, proclaim the birth of the Son of God to this out-moded world of sea distances and lapsing tides? Glorified by her smouldering sunsets, Venice is even now a city of profound

space and silence, in the midst of the sea. Even yet there are a tangle of sweet flowers and the virile branches of the vine, and many a magnificent palace and church and tower in that city of ghosts of the old-time venturers, for which, in profound patience, the sea, her husband, waits.

On first coming to her, Venice has a strange fascination for even the most Philistine tourist; nor is that first impression unenduring. It is easy to understand and to describe her obvious beauty; the mystery of that limitless horizon; the voluptuous glory of sunset; the delicate and fragile splendor of dawn over her numberless islands; the blue and gray and silver in which the twilight dresses her; the music of mandolin and guitar and the voices of the gondollers echoing among her half-deserted palaces that bear the names of princely families that have passed for ever. A sensuous, and amid all that dead and dying loveliness around, perhaps a sensual emotion has from the first almost entire possession of the traveller; and this, as I think, is no false impression, but a profound truth, that is true enough to be obvious—perceived by the most casual passer-by.

A largesse of color that is in itself a kind of rich music, fierce and splendid, possessed of many a dying fall, awaits all who may come to her, suggesting to them the gallop of the bugles, the triumphant assurance of the scarlet trumpets and all their insolent joy, the thunder of innumerable drums deadening thought, and the exquisite honey of violins and harps, the breathless passion of the mandolins, the balanced wisdom of violoncellos. It is in some such emotional rapture as this that one leaves her, after staying but a few weeks with her in summer time. For she seems to be filled even now with a kind of riotous joy beyond any other

city in our world. But it is not thus she will appear to those who have long lived beside her silent ways, who have learned to know her very soul. She is not really joyful at all, but profoundly sad: her ecstasy of beauty is over, and the sunsets only gild a dying city, only glorify her last mysterious hours. For her husband, the sea, whom she wedded in her youth with a ring of gold and ruled so imperiously for many years, has robed himself just before twilight with heavenly gold and crimson, and his own white and blue: patiently he has waited these many years till she has grown tired of conquest and glory, and is ready to sink into the arms of him who has loved her from the beginning.

Ah, no, she is not joyful: she is thinking perhaps of all those years that he has waited, or of her now shattered glory, and her beauty that is almost a ruin. Is it thus she thinks, in the solitude and silence of her limitless horizon, in the mysterious loneliness of the lagoons, in the sunshine, under her wide heaven before she goes down to the depths of the sea? Still the gondolas at evening steal back from the Lido like ghosts of winged Hermes, silently into the city, as night descends from the mountains far away. Still the stars peer down from an unimaginable height and seem like great golden water-lilies on the waters of the lagoon. And everywhere and at all hours there is a kind of music, perhaps it is the weeping of the oar; perhaps the whisper of the lagoon grass through which the gondola passes, cleaving a disappearing lane as it goes; perhaps the musical blow of the boat itself on the water, meeting the south wind coming over the sand-dunes. And at evening this music only becomes more distinct, more passionate, resolving itself into singing heard in the distance to

the accompaniment of mandolin or guitar.

Under the unfathomable serenity of her sky she still draws breath at evening, but how languidly! And we, too, think of heaven, and with her just touch it perhaps during the space of one heart's beat. Maybe in the velvety dusk she is praying that her soul may be relieved of this disorderly throng of sensible things. Hers has been one of those sublime moments that have no return, and now her last lover of all those countless ones, Night, with its warm damp breath, has touched her eyelids as with a kiss, for she has turned her face to the wind, the wind that has passed over the sea. And he, her true husband—how can we doubt for a moment that he will possess her at the last, seeing the infinite persistence of the waves, the perseverance of the foam, the imperceptible furious beating of the winds, the wearing away of the rocks, and all his travail and waiting and weariness for her?

But it is at dawn, perhaps, that Venice appears to us as of old, a city of joy. In the cold glittering light of sunrise the deserted canals are fulfilled with a kind of ancient poetry and all the ardor of silence. Above, the stars are dying in a sky almost green and rimmed with gold. Some mystery of light coming from the cave of darkness has passed over the city, and the palaces and towers and churches seem insubstantial, fairy-like, aerial, and magically new. A cold faint wind blows from the sea, and as the gondola flies towards the dawn, past the Ducal palace that seems like a house of ivory, past San Giorgio that is delicately flushed and tall like a youth almost, gradually the expanse of sea and the strength of the sea-wind dominate the city that has already faded away as a dream. The great red sails of the fishing-boats bel-

lied by the wind, the foam under their bows, the music of the buffeting of the little waves raised by the sea-wind, the growing splendor of that immense horizon,—all are fulfilled with a riot of joy, a profound enthusiasm for life, conscious of itself and of nothing beside. And gradually the ear becomes aware of the thunder of waves, the joyful song of the surf, and at last the boat leaps forwards and lies panting upon the eternal waves of the great sea that has already consumed so many eternities.

But at night all is changed. Perhaps under a full moon all the domes are shining with silver, while before one, far away out over the lagoon, disappearing at last into the heaven's heart, stretches a path of pearl, along which the gondola passes slowly and gently as though the way were indeed precious. It is then, in the numberless smaller canals and in the Grand Canal too, one may watch the city dying so slowly and understand her profound sorrow. How indifferent she is to the life that goes on around her! Neither the love-songs of the living nor the chanting of those who already look upon death as upon a dear mistress move her at all, for she is thinking of her own destiny. Far away from her thoughts now are the lust and love and glory of the world that still live in the voices and mandolines of the gondollers. What is it to her that the Piazza di San Marco is full of men and women, that in the Salute they are singing *Compline*, for she is thinking of her husband the sea and of her destined bridal bed.

And still beautiful, still the most lovely city of our world, she will gradually, or in a moment, be lost to us, and he, her husband, will not greet her as less than a queen. All the spoils of the splendid ships, all the beauty of his prey, all that in the centuries he has stolen from us, all the

sunshine he has stored in his deep, indestructible caverns, he will lavish upon her, and every night he will deck her with innumerable stars. Ropes of seaweed, opalescent and rare, will sway like beautiful snakes in her hair, banners woven by the secret sway of the sea will float from the tall campanili, on her left hand shall flash the mighty ring of the fisherman, and over her heart a red and burning sun shall flame. Then in the silence of that lucent world the sea shall make her his own at last.

But as yet those who have for too long forgotten how precious she is are striving still to keep her for our world. Signor Boni, who presides over the Technical Commission, has discovered that each pillar of the Procuratio Vecchio—the arcades to the left as one faces the Basilica—has to support no less a weight than 3500 kilos, which, it is said, is the maximum weight that it can bear. It is necessary, therefore, that the supports both of wood and metal—the former of which have been carved and cut away by the inhabitants of the houses and shops which they serve to support—should be strengthened,* and that people should no longer be allowed to inflict grievous wounds on the pillars themselves. It has also been found necessary to go so far as to insist upon the removal of all articles of furniture of great weight, of statues, and indeed of everything that is very heavy, together with the archives of the insurance company. This order only serves to show how real is our danger of losing Venice altogether. Nor is this all, for on examining the Torre dell' Orologio, Signor Boni found that the whole weight of that immense fabric is borne also by the pillars, and although he seems to have assured himself of its present safety, one is hardly encouraged to believe in its ultimate and perfect soundness. The same as-

surance was given us not so long ago, though not by the same man, as to the perfect safety of the Campanile that now lies shattered and dead in the Piazza. In the Ducal palace the volumes of the Saint Mark's Library, which one had thought had already more than a year ago been removed, have also been ordered to be transferred to the Zecca, now used as a Chamber of Commerce, which however adjoins the Libreria, and would, it may well be, suffer with it in the event of a sudden collapse. The statues have also been ordered to be removed. Signor Boni appears also to have supported the arches of Sansovino's Library, and to have protected the Veronese frescoes that were exposed by the fall of the Campanile. One is also glad to know that the great bell has been recovered from the ruins.

Never can we be sufficiently thankful that the tower was isolated and separate from the Cathedral. Had it been otherwise, it would not have been the tower alone that we should mourn, but San Marco also. Even as it is, how can the authorities ever excuse themselves? It would appear that time after time they had been warned, not only by their own countrymen but by foreign architects also, of the inevitable fall of their beautiful Campanile. Vendrasco, an old builder who, the "Times" assures us, "had had a life's experience of the bricks and stones of Venice, and who had been employed in repairs in Sansovino's Loggia and on the summit of the tower itself, declared that the Campanile would collapse if the necessary repairs, such as repointing and strengthening with iron bands, were not undertaken. Even last Monday week Rupolo, the architect who was at work in the Loggia, reported the danger, but apparently was not listened to, for nothing was attempted." After read-

ing this, is it surprising that we are anxious for Venice herself? It would indeed be amazing that we were not, or that we were easily quieted by the assurances of the authorities. It would indeed be far better that the authorities should satisfy themselves and us that all the greater buildings, palaces and churches, in Venice are safe. The Campanile di San Marco was not the only tower in Venice that was in itself a thing of beauty. The Tower of San Giorgio Maggiore, built as it is on an island, may be perhaps in a position of greater safety than the fallen tower ever was; still the loss of it would be as great a disaster. It has become necessary to assure ourselves of the permanence not of this building or of that so much as of Venice herself, nor, if it is necessary, should she hesitate to strengthen her foundations at whatever cost. For she is unique in the world,—a possession whose loss can never be replaced, towards the safety of which every country in Europe would be glad to contribute.

Italy has perhaps wisely resolved to rebuild the Tower of S. Mark entirely by herself. And, indeed, in the face of certain suggestions made by the American press, it is as well that she does not desire outside aid. The "New York Herald," for instance, says, "It would be interesting to see in how short a time Americans could run up the fallen Venetian Campanile." I venture to say that it would not be nearly so interesting as it would be distressing. For in Italy, it is not likely or probable that a city so old and famous will be deserted in a day or a year, as many so-called cities in the United States are, and have been. It is not necessary to build for immediate use, but for ever. Europe, and Italy especially, is too old to be content with any hideous feat of engineering. One might as well talk of "running up" S. Peter's at Rome as of "running up"

the Campanile di San Marco. If the rebuilding of the fallen tower is undertaken, that is not the spirit, be sure, in which it will be accomplished. Nor was Venice built in the temper in which New York was "run up," but with a far older ideal.

But for how long in vain has she asked, Who will defend Beauty that has been rejected by the vulgar century, that has just passed away, the captive of gold and sensuality and ugliness? It is the crowd that has destroyed Venice, the crowd on its penny steamboats and in its cheap hotels, that travels *en masse*. No tragic or terrible thoughts can approach it from the sea, and the impregnable past, safe in the folds of the years, can never correct its enthusiasm. For it is ignorant alike of Beauty and Legend. Shall we ever be able to reconcile ourselves with the crowd? shall we ever be able to find anything of the old nobility, the old splendor, in it? In defending Beauty with all our might, are we engaging ourselves to do battle for a chimera? We might almost think so on looking round on life to-day. Are we deceiving ourselves? How can we ever know? Here in Venice I have seen the fishermen put out to sea in the dawn after a storm, when the air is cool with an ecstatic happiness, as though nature had expressed herself, had relieved herself of some unbearable emotion, some intolerable thought, and every now and then the wind would sweep for a little distance over the waves, still white with hurry, almost like a sob after long crying, involuntary and full of weariness; and it has seemed to me, as I watched those sailors, unconscious of Nature's thoughts or sorrows, sailing so swiftly over the mighty and haggard face of the waters, as though in that very unconsciousness there was the actual and entire beauty of the old world

that went almost with a kind of innocence about its own simple business. Perhaps after many years it is thus that the sea will recreate for some

reverent New Zealander the image of Venice, another beautiful city that the world has lost.

Edward Hutton.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"HOTELS AS HOMES?"

BY LADY GROVE.

No one who has travelled, be it never so little, can fail to have observed how a certain atmosphere, mental and moral, pervades all hotel life, whichever the continent or whatever the country.

My experience of hotels is limited to three continents and about twice as many countries; but it is enough to convince me that life in any hotel as a permanency would be intolerable. From the psychical point of view the Spirit of Unrest, which necessarily has its dominion in hotel-dom, makes sustained effort a difficulty, useful work a struggle, and creative thought an impossibility to the hotel-dweller. From the physical point of view the "living" of the average "high-class hotel" is just comfortable enough to accentuate the general discomfort. If one has one's mind attuned to the absence of much that one is accustomed to, one can submit to the process of "roughing it" with an excellent grace; but if one is constantly reminded by the ghosts of one's former comforts of what one is forced to do without, the shadow makes the absence of the substance the more annoying. For the "all home comforts" advertised by successful hotel managers are a snare and a delusion.

But, it will be argued, hotels are not supposed to represent "home life," and yet there are thousands of people, especially in America, where the servant question is an even greater difficulty

than with us, who voluntarily resign themselves to hotel life in preference to having and managing a house of their own. Moreover, any prolonged sojourn in a place beyond, say, three weeks makes it home for the time being, and any persons condemned by their occupations to remain out of their own country will recognize the hopeless feeling of detachment that lays hold of one when doomed to put up with this form of domicile beyond a very limited period.

A friend of mine objected quite seriously to a flat for the weird reason that directly she passed the front door she wished to feel free to rush into any room she chose and burst into tears. And underlying this exaggerated method of expressing the desire innate in all human breasts for solitude at given times, and freedom from the irksome restraint of surveillance when certain emotions are ever so feebly in the ascendant, rests the imperative need for "home" experienced by nearly all, which no socialistic creed will ever prove strong enough to eradicate.

But even if the sense of possessive solitude is absent, one experiences, paradoxically, a marked sense of isolation in the big hotels, where one's identity is merged in a number, and where "mine host" is a huge joint-stock company. And, personally, I find this preferable to the wayside inn, where one's name is very much to the fore

with the landlady and her bucolic spouse.

Of the latter kind I had a never-to-be-repeated experience at a coast-town inn which shall be nameless, where the landlady introduced herself by enlarging on the advantage I enjoyed in finding an hotel kept by "people of the same class" as myself. On paying my bill I comforted myself with the reflection that I was paying for this privilege "thrown in." As might be expected from persons of the class to which we both belong, this good landlady and I, she got the better of me in the matter of the exchange (as I discovered when there were three good days' journey between us), charged me two pesetas for cleaning her washhandstand, and one dollar for mending her mosquito curtain.

But at least the hotel-dweller is spared certain experiences calculated to make the thrifty housewife what an American friend of mine calls "hopping mad." Such an experience, for instance, as fell to my lot when, having sent up certain provisions to a house we had taken with a view to entering it in a few days, I found on our arrival that the bedroom washhand-stands were all furnished with neat square pieces of carbolic scrubbing-soap. The floors had been washed with the Vinolia otto of rose tablets given at the same time as the other, with manifold explanations, to the intelligent negress whose duty it had been to "prepare" the house for our reception.

There is no doubt that a household whose staff includes a competent, conscientious housekeeper realizes the highest ideal of comfort possible in home life. But as this joyous consummation is an unattainable ideal to many who are unequal to the struggle necessary to obtaining the same outward result through their own agency, they fall back upon the hotel as the

nearest approach to this state of irresponsible well-being. But even in this beatific condition one's personal attendants refuse to accept any intermediary, and one remains directly responsible to one's maid for her comfort and well-being. When, many years ago, I blossomed out almost from childhood into a full-blown state of matrimonial responsibility, I did some travelling in America. One day we arrived at an hotel in some town between New York and Chicago, and my immediate personal wants having been attended to, I dismissed my maid with the injunction that she herself was to go and feed. She re-entered my room a few seconds after with indignation depicted on her usually good-humored Scotch face. "A nice sort of place we've come to, this," she exclaimed; "when I asked one of the waiters where the maids had their meals, he answered impudently, 'Along with the married women, to be sure.'" She failed to see any justification for my amusement, but was pacified by a stern demand from her employer that his wife's lady's-maid should immediately be conducted to the apartment reserved for the meals of the personal attendants of the hotel guests. Her troubles, however, at this same place were not at an end, for on calling me next morning she appeared with eyes swollen and red, having spent a sleepless night bug-hunting. The strange, absolutely unprecedented appearance of these uninvited guests was accounted for by the manager of the hotel by the fact that my unfortunate maid's room had been occupied the night before by a commercial traveller, whose own version of the affair we were of course unable to obtain.

I here apologize for writing the name of this obnoxious insect other than as "b-g." I knew a lady, whose refined conversation it was my privilege occasionally to enjoy, who in the autumn of the year used to find herself

troubled with what she called "harvest hum-hums," and it would be difficult for me now to recognize this insidious little plague by any other name. When, however, we asked this same lady if she did not think that this ultra-refinement, which shirked the naming of so open-air a little animal as the harvest-bug, was rather "hum hum-hum," she did not follow us at all. Her refinement was, however, amply accounted for by a fact with which she was at pains to acquaint her listeners, namely, that *her* ancestors were French marquises while the ancestors of most of the people thus unaccountably unable to appreciate the advantage of having her as a neighbor were digging potatoes. However, our ancestors not having been French marquises, we put the matter very plainly before our inn-keeper, and told him that such troubles were a disgrace to the principal hotel in so important a city as the one we were stopping at, and, with many expressions of regret, and efforts at conciliation towards the offended lady, we resumed our way.

The American hotels, however, from what I hear, are vastly improved since the days of which I write—now, I regret to confess, nearly twenty years ago. Nowadays, nearly all over the States, I hear that, even in the remote towns, the hotels are sumptuous palaces. Numerous time-saving inventions decorate each bedroom. Wonderful wheels, for instance, which when turned with the handle pointing to where the names of certain articles are inscribed, will, within an incredibly short space of time, produce a waiter bringing with him either hot, cold, iced, or soda water, whisky, brandy, tea, coffee, or almost any other dally or hourly need that your soul happens to long for, before your soul, weary with waiting, has had time to "go back on you," as it often does in less electrical countries, when a stultifying res-

ignation takes the place of a gratified craving.

But even without these "modern improvements," such as the "magic wheel" and the nerve-harrowing telephone, the American hotels were more luxurious and commodious than English or French hotels at the same period. The adjacent bathroom was a continual source of delight and refreshment when one arrived at one's destination weary, travel-stained and forlorn. The negro waiters, too, afforded us much diversion. I remember on one occasion expostulating with one for his inattention, saying: "I have asked you twice before for"—whatever it was I wanted. "Pardon me, ma'am," he replied with great dignity, "it was another colored gentleman you asked." A reply of that kind is quite enough to disarm any amount of indignation.

The "tips" at any hotel are, as I found to my dismay on the first occasion when, being alone, I had to do all the paying myself, a very formidable item. And *à propos* of this difficulty I recently came across the following note to the *Westminster Gazette* under the head of "Good News for Swiss Tourists":

If the conference of Swiss commercial travellers, hotel-keepers, and other interested persons which has just taken place at Olten has its way, then the burden of the summer tourist in Switzerland will be considerably lightened. The above-mentioned would-be benefactors of the travelling public met in order to find some remedy for the ever-increasing system of "tips," which obliges the traveller to pay away almost as much as his hotel expenses proper to the army of hotel servants. It has now been decided—by the thrice-blessed Olten conference—that a fixed "tarif des pourboires" is to be drawn up, and if this tariff is at all mercifully conceived (from the traveller's point of view), then travelling in Switzerland will be a good deal less expensive. According to the nice old French formula,

tips are "onerous to those who give them and humiliating to those who receive them," and the proposed tariff ought, therefore, to be equally welcome to "tipster" and "tipped."

But it is not only at hotels that the system of "tips" is irksome, and at times humiliating to both "tipper" and "tippee," as I prefer to render the giver and receiver of "tips." In this matter the guests of wealthy owners of large country houses sometimes suffer considerable inconvenience, keepers, coachmen and grooms without, and butlers, footmen and housemaids within, all expecting and receiving "tips" from one or other of the guests of a large house party. I was told once of an extraordinary experience undergone by a lady, to whom economy was rendered none the less necessary from the fact that circumstances compelled her to visit much amongst relations and friends to whom this most irksome form of ignominy was unknown. She was paying a definite Monday to Friday visit at a large, luxurious country house, and to her delight she found in her bedroom a neat little *affiche*, a duplicate of which was in each guest-chamber, to the effect that the host and hostess earnestly requested that no "tips" should be given to any of the servants. To her dismay, however, when all the guests were assembling in the hall previous to their imminent departure in the various brakes, carriages, and frys that were waiting ready to convey them to the station, she perceived the stately and dignified groom of the chambers standing statuesquely near the front door, holding a plate resembling those used in church for collections, in which several gold pieces were already gleaming. In answer to my friend's petrified gaze, her hostess stepped forward and said sweetly, "Yes, we consider this a much fairer way of dealing with the presents our guests are kind enough to wish to give to one's servants. Any-

thing they like to give is distributed fairly between those who really have had extra work to do for a large party of this kind; otherwise only those who are *en évidence*, and who really do nothing extra, are given anything." The little gift which the poor lady had been congratulating herself she would be able to take home to her child was swallowed up in this brazen receptacle.

A gallant little midshipman once bravely resisted the onslaught of one of the pampered, overfed harpies whose depredations we suppose the good lady referred to above tried to stop by so mistaken a method. He offered the magnificent individual who had been "valeting" him two-and-sixpence on leaving; but that dignitary threw up his hand, saying, "I never haccept hanythink but gold," whereupon the "middy" returned the half-crown to his pocket, exclaiming, "What a brick you are! I find half-crowns awfully useful." Perhaps this was the first youth the creature had not been successful in intimidating into giving up half-a-sovereign of his precious little store.

I once had a curious experience of this kind in my still early married days. I was paying a visit of two nights' duration in a country house, and before dinner the second night I saw a sovereign drop, unobserved by my husband, out of a pocket of the waistcoat he was just taking off. Considering him to be at all times over-careless in the matter of ready money, I quietly rescued the coin, and, returning to my room, secreted it in a corner of the dressing-table underneath a muslin cover, meaning to question and reprimand him later on. We left next morning, and alas! for the moral influence I fervently desired and intended to wield, I stupidly forgot all about this secreted coin. However, never dreaming it was other than in safety where I had put it, and having no doubt,

either then or subsequently, as to the exact spot in which it had been left, and not wishing to trouble my hostess, I wrote a line (in addition to the "Collins" letter I had dutifully bored my hostess with) to the daughter of the house, explaining the circumstances and asking her to send the pound to me. By return of post I received a furious letter from my whilom hostess, enclosing half-a-crown, and saying that *that* was the only piece of money I had left on the dressing-table in the room I occupied, which the housemaid had presumed was intended as a gift to her, but that since I accused her of theft she declined to accept anything from me, and therefore she had begged her mistress to return it to me, without thanks, I presume. The correspondence ended there, and, like the "middy," I pocketed my half-crown, the poorer by seventeen-and-sixpence only for my unhappily conceived, would-be practical lesson on thrift and heedfulness.

It often happens that when one is giving one's attention to any particular subject incidents occur which would, perhaps, pass unobserved but for the fact that at the actual moment one's mind is on the alert for anything that touches on that subject. So it happened that when I was pondering on hotels and hotel life I went to stay with some friends officially posted at a stopping-place between Africa and home, and when I heard the petulant exclamation, in answer to a husband's remonstrance anent continual grumbling: "How can you expect me to like an hotel after having just left a house of my own?" I thought: "Here is a confirmation of what I have affirmed: hotels as homes are an impossibility." One of the complaints was the inevitable and continual proximity of a dipsomaniac. "My dear, that is an exaggerated name for the poor chap," mildly suggested the husband. It was true he was never violently or blatantly intoxicated, she

admitted; but, on the other hand, he was never sober, and his presence consequently was obnoxious. I confess I sympathized with the aggrieved lady. But that is, after all, the chief drawback to hotel life: you cannot choose your housemates. And to have the possibility of a drunken outburst hanging over one must be very trying. Yet so long as your fellow-guests keep within the limits of conventional decorum neither guest nor host has a right to request retirement.

A certain lady, however, who keeps an hotel in a foreign seaport town, allows no consideration by which ordinary mortals may be swayed to govern her if she desires to evict any of the temporary inmates of her house. During a short stay of about three months in this same town I heard of six different people having been evicted at different times. No further reason did she vouchsafe to any of them beyond saying that she required their rooms. She went so far, however, as to inform one of these recipients of her displeasure that "She was no lady." I had met the individual whose gentility was thus called into question, and she seemed to me as perfectly harmless and able to fulfil all the requirements necessary for the wide term of "lady" to have applied to her without any particular incongruity. This arbitrary dame has secured the best site and the best situation in the town for her palatial inn, and her autocratic conduct receives apparent justification from the fact that her rooms are always full. I confess, however, that this reputation would make me hesitate to recommend my friends to stay with her; for on the conduct of none can I rely so implicitly as to persuade myself that under no circumstances could it possibly offend the wayward susceptibilities of this specialist in hotel demeanor. The possibility, too, of this lady's case not being a unique instance of capricious

crankiness would give one pause when contemplating the abandonment of the home in favor of the hotel.

That an "Englishman's house is his castle" is a hackneyed but true saying, that calls to mind a Moorish proverb which affirms that "A lion roars loudest in his own forest," and which is less elegantly rendered by "A cock

crows shrillest on his own dunghheap." The sense of security is not the least attraction possessed by the freehold or leasehold; and it will be some time before any form of communal living will be adopted by the Britisher, no matter in what direction other nations may appear to be moving.

The Cornhill Magazine.

MY SPECTACLES.

The man of taste is commonly unwilling to write about his personal and private experiences. Poets, to be sure, are an exception, and we are glad to accept the result, though sometimes a slight surprise may mingle with our admiration as they reveal their intimacies. But to set down in plain prose one's sensations in love and bereavement would be monstrous (it has been done), and must bring overwhelming discomfort upon the sensitive reader. Even the minor accidents of private life are felt by the man of taste to be no subject for his pen, to be at once a prodigality of himself and an intrusion on the public. His friends have not this feeling, and are constantly urging him to "make an article" of some pleasant event, an excursion or what not, but (when the man of taste is concerned) without success. So, I feel that it is no business of a magazine that I am short of sight, and that I have lately been fitted with spectacles which enable me to see like other men; and I feel, moreover, that the readers of a magazine might be apt to agree.

Nevertheless I shall break the rule. The affair does not, after all, touch the secrets of my heart: I am full of it, and it will be interesting. I am con-

vinced, to other people. It is not as though a blind man had been made to see, but it is something in that way.

I had been conscious of short sight almost as long as I can remember, but in the last ten years or so my sight had become much shorter. But I did not know how bad it was—how far inferior to the sight of ordinary men. I increased the strength of a single eyeglass I wore, and imagined that when I wore it I saw pretty well. Constitutionally averse from doing anything definite, I postponed and postponed an interview with an oculist. Eventually, however, I saw one (I wish a man of taste might advertise him), who prescribed spectacles which, he told me, would bring my sight very near the normal. And ever since I have had those spectacles I have been aware of thronging new sensations and experiences. Intellectually, æsthetically, socially, the world—and not the visible world alone—is changed to me. I see definite objects where I saw nothing, I see faces where before I merely inferred that faces were, I see expressions where before I saw only faces. The comparative effect of all this should be interesting, I believe: if it merely tells the lucky-sighted how much they score, or sends the unlucky

and neglectful to the oculists, it is worth the writing. One thing I must premise. It is all literal and true, not metaphorical. By spectacles I mean spectacles, not philosophy nor religion of any sort, old or new. It is as well to say it: the subtle are so easily misled.

I will take the broader effects first. In my walks abroad in the country I like to think as my eye suggests: I dislike ruminating over life, I avoid trying to solve my private troubles, and I refuse altogether to make schemes for work. Consequently, when my vision was so limited and blurred as it was, I was often bored for want of mental incitement, I was driven upon what a prig of my acquaintance used to call "my own thoughts." There might be nothing round me but a bare plain, or the slope of a hill, which is all very well for a mystic, but little good for a matter-of-fact intelligence: the æsthetic emotion excited or the vague mood suggested cannot—I challenge any candid person to deny it—pleasurably last. But now I see many small objects I should have missed, and see many larger ones—houses, flocks of sheep or the like—long before I should once have seen them; there, clearly, is an intellectual gain. But of course there is also a loss. Dimness of sight was a better minister to one's mood, when one was for romance; it was for certain scenes a more gracious introduction. The world now looks plainer and brighter, but somehow not quite so natural, something painted, a picture under glass. It invites to a readier criticism, less easily to dreams. But if all our gains were unqualified, life would be all self-reproach.

A similar loss and gain holds of faces: I mean the faces of people I pass in the street or see in other public places. There used to be simply faces; at a distance merely tokens for

that part of the human body, nearer seen, they were objects with eyes and noses. If the general presence suggested an acquaintance, I put my single glass in my eye and with increasing inaccuracy came to a decision: otherwise there was no chance of interest. Now I am aware of a definite type at some distance, and when the face passes me I see it in all its peculiarities of fashioning and life. Another intellectual gain, and a large one. At first speculation ran riot, and I was never dull. I have not so far, it is true, seen a large number of fervid ambitions, intense enthusiasms, rapt passions of love and despair, patient on human faces. But I find it interesting yet to note the obvious signs—or so one thinks them—ordinary characteristics: anxiety, greed, benevolence, sulkiness, intolerance, servility. Children—they especially delight me. Of old I appreciated those I knew, and caressed, and saw close: the others I thought vaguely charming little animals. But now I see and marvel at the range of expressiveness in nearly all children—their wonder, amusement, curiosity, furtive appeals to one's sympathy, conscious appeals—how wonderful that is when one passes in a moment and will never see them again!—to one's interest and almost to one's affection. I am bound to say that it is amusement I personally most excite in them. For some reason or other children find something diverting in my appearance or my carriage; they nearly always smile at me, and when I smile back they laugh outright. That reassures me. When children of my private acquaintance used to laugh at me before I said a word I used to fear that their parents might have told them I was a funny man. (I am not, but ever since I fell off an omnibus, in the early 'nineties, certain of my friends have thought so.) Now I perceive that to a child's

eye there is something really comical about me, and "Courage!" I say to myself, "we have our uses. . ."

But this is one side only. Except for the children, whose beauties are more evident, I lose æsthetically by this clear envisaging of faces. Well, I have said it: I meant to hint it only. But, reader, in your ear: we ourselves are handsome creatures, and there is no one by to overhear and take it to himself. You have always been clear-sighted: tell me, has it ever struck you how very ugly most people are? I have been astonished. I used to take it for granted, with an optimism I am proud to remember, that the average man I passed was more or less inoffensive, the average woman more or less comely. And now! I am quite unprepared. My friends are all exceptionally beautiful, and the pictures of people in the illustrated papers are presumably doctored. It is rather heart-breaking. I see some one coming towards me in the distance, and lo! thinks I, a fine, pleasant-looking man, or a quite attractive woman, as the case may be. And then he or she comes up, and I see the features distinctly, the coloring, and so forth. . . . Are our women really the most beautiful in Europe? Since the advent of my spectacles I have had no means for a fair comparison. . . . But all this is little to set against the gain of interest.

I come to social changes. The first is the probability that I shall be much more popular than in the past. My single eye-glass and very short sight gave between them innumerable offences. Why anybody should be worse annoyed by one glass than by two I do not know, but the fact is notorious. I have often noticed an angry scowl as I stuck my one glass in my eye, as though the intention to see my interlocutor more plainly were an insult to him. I gather from novels that forty years ago, or so, the single

eyeglass was used as a kind of offensive weapon. It was the mark in Rip-ton Thompson's mind of the aristocrat, and so of course, if Mr. Meredith was right, quickly became the assumption of the pseudo-aristocrat. The heavy swell in *Caste* wears it traditionally. But that use of it surely ceased many years ago, and it was rather hard to be thought an imbecille and anachronistical imposter. The offence given by one's short sight was even more foolish. If I did not see a new acquaintance quite close, or saw him only for a few minutes, I was apt to forget his face when next we met. It is almost inconceivable that any man should be fool enough to think this forgetfulness due not to a very common physical imperfection, but to a piece of silly and gratuitous rudeness. Yet so it was. I have more than once been told that some idiot accused me of having "cut" him, and I was rendered so nervous by the mistake that over and over again I accosted complete strangers on the off-chance of their being sensitive and stupid acquaintances. This offence will now pass. I shall fix the faces of new acquaintances on my mind, and insist on their recognizing *me*, for a change.

That is an advantage, but one not so great as the increased fulness and animation of social intercourse. I can now see the expressions of my friends across a dinner-table, and so on: I can see if the gaiety of their words is belied by the weariness of their eyes; I can see if their pessimism is real or the mere naughtiness of repletion; I can see the irrepressible faint smile, the quickly banished moisture of the eyes. I shall be a shrewd observer.

The thought occurs to me that Frenchmen must have better sight than Englishmen. When a man describes a character in a book of fiction,

unless he be describing an actual intimate acquaintance—which I hope is not often done—he sees the character with the vision he has for the casual face. Have you never observed that, whereas in English fiction you get faces and sizes in a general way, a long nose, sparkling eyes, a manly expression and the like, in French you get so often very much more? You get the quality of the skin, the exact degree of puffiness under the eyes, the warts on the chin, the pimples on the cheeks. I have a fancy that the average Frenchman sees all this in real life more commonly than the Englishman, and therefore writes of it; and I offer the fancy as the subject of a critical article.

The brief digression does not mean that my subject is exhausted. But it is well to set a term to one's smaller egotisms, and I doubt this one has run

Full Mall Magazine.

away with my pen, and I may have been mistaken in its interest for others. Neither short sight nor spectacles is an uncommon thing. But these rough heads of discourse may suggest their own reminiscences to my readers, or their own good fortune: the perfect in sight may read them with an agreeable superiority.

I record in conclusion that I find the world worth seeing clearly. There was produced a little while ago a play by M. Clemenceau—which of our famous politicians is likely to write a play?—a play half metaphorical, no doubt, in which a blind Chinaman, restored to sight, finds, in place of the kindly and affectionate relations and friends he thought were round him, knaves and hypocrites who humored him for their purposes. He decides that it is wicked magic, and that he will go blind again. So would not I.

G. S. Street.

ACROSS RUSSIAN LAPLAND IN SEARCH OF BIRDS.

III.—FOREST, LAKE AND MARSH.

Our first camping place in Russian Lapland was charmingly situated on the shores of a little lake the surface of which sparkled brightly in the sun, while behind us the river shone white and foaming every here and there between the birch and pine trees. There were a good many birds about. The golden-eyed duck,¹ the most numerous duck in this country, and very good eating, was plentiful but not easy to get. One which we shot fell in the water, and being caught by the stream flowing through the lake was hurled down the river at a furious pace. One of our men ran after it, but returned perspiring in half-an-hour or so, saying

that it must by now have reached Kandax. The pretty three-toed woodpecker,² which is much like our spotted woodpecker, but has only three toes, and a yellow head, was common, and although apparently not nesting was often to be found in a hole in a tree. Like our woodpeckers, these birds no doubt roost in holes of trees, and as we found them in these hiding places at all times of the day and night, we came to the conclusion that in these regions birds, like men, take their sleep just when they feel they need it. Other birds were about all night—the familiar cuckoo³ was often to be heard at midnight, and Siberian jays⁴ would wake

¹ *Clangula glaucion*.

² *Picoides tridactylus*.

³ *Cuculus canorus*.

⁴ *Perisoreus infaustus*.

us up with their harsh cries at one or two in the morning. These jays were not so large or so brightly colored as the birds which worry our game-keepers at home, but they were most amusing. They used to come round our tent door while we were asleep and fight over the carcasses of birds which had been skinned. Like English jays they were fond of imitating the notes of other birds, and one night we were waked up by a loud cry like a hawk. My friend snatched up his gun and, creeping to the tent door, shot the bird. Regardless of mosquitoes he went out with bare feet to pick up the "hawk." The mosquitoes drove him back at a run in no peaceful state of mind. "What was it," said I. "Jay," said he rubbing himself all over and beating the mosquitoes out of the tent with a towel. When the tent was clear and the mosquito curtain adjusted, I endeavored to console my friend with the suggestion that the jay had fully atoned for its misplaced facetiousness.

As already explained we were forced to hurry through the country rather more quickly than we had wished owing to the difficulty of transporting and obtaining food. Had we not set our men to work to fish on every possible occasion, and had we not shot every eatable bird we could find our time would have been considerably shortened.

Luckily for us a certain amount of fish was always obtainable, and we made many a meal off salmon and salmon trout. It will shock the scientific fisherman to hear how we caught our fish, but we were not ashamed of poaching tricks because our time was fully occupied with collecting birds, and when we fished food was our only object and the quicker it was obtained the better. For instance, there were a fine lot of salmon in the little lake by which we first pitched our tent. As we

rowed along this lake on our way north a line with a minnow at the end was let out. We soon had a 15 lb. salmon on, and he was quickly hauled alongside. We had no gaff handy, but a sheath-knife answered the purpose, and certainly the fish tasted very well when we fried him a few hours afterwards.

At the other side of the lake the river, swollen by melting snow and ice, was rushing down in a torrent so that we had to land and walk. While our men were loading up we found a lovely little dome-shaped nest of a willow-wren,* which is familiar in England as a summer resident, and is a great traveller for so small and slender a bird. The track, which led through very marshy ground, was composed of wooden "trottoirs," made of split logs laid down side by side. Wherever there was a track across boggy land in this country it was always made in this way, and when the logs were new walking was easy, but as often as not the logs were rotten or insecure. A loose log was annoying, and difficult to walk along gracefully, because the rounded side was laid on the ground, and an incautious step made it turn, and then there was disaster, especially when the bog was deep. At first we were always coming to grief on these "trottoirs," and our heavily loaded carriers disliked them exceedingly, although they were always quick to make merry over the misfortunes of others. However, experience teaches one even to walk along rounded planks over a marsh in safety, and in any case we consoled ourselves with the idea that these bogs were frozen not far below the surface. That such was the case we doubted afterwards, when several places had been tested unintentionally, and no bottom could be discovered.

During our first little walk over these

* *Phylloscopus trochilus*.

"trottoirs" we saw many bramblings⁶ in the birch trees about the track. These birds are only known in England in the winter, but in the north they may be said to represent the chaffinch, being very much like that bird in form and size, as well as in habits. The nests of the birds are almost identical, although perhaps the brambling's is not quite so neat as that of the chaffinch, while their notes are much alike. Another bird which continually reminded us of England was the red-spotted blue-throat.⁷ This bird takes the place in these regions of our robin, to which it is nearly allied. It is very robin-like in its attitudes and movements, but instead of the red breast it has a shining blue throat with a red spot in the middle of the blue. This red spot distinguishes the northern blue-throat from its southern representative, which bears a white spot on its blue throat. The young bird has no blue on the throat, and its brown spotted plumage is much like that of a young robin.

Our walk ended on the shores of another small lake—the Penozero. Crossing this and marching again, this time through a pine forest, we reached Sashéika, where there is a "station" of two or three huts at the southern side of the great Imandra Lake. We were told here that the ice had cleared from off the lake only five days before we arrived (viz., on July 4th), so that all our delays counted little because we could not have proceeded further until the ice had left the lake.

At Sashéika we came across the first Lapps we had seen in this country. There were two very small men with fair hair and fair skin and two women with rather dark complexions. They lived in a small turf hut of the meanest description. During our journey across Russian Lapland we saw very few Lapps, as they leave the interior of the

country during the summer and proceed to the coast for the fishing. At two places we found large Lapp villages of wooden houses entirely deserted. During this time of the year the reindeer are turned adrift, and most of them find their way to the coast or to high ground in order to escape from the swarms of mosquitoes which make the interior of the country unbearable for man or beast during the summer.

The few people we saw, whether Lapps or Russians, and the few animals, such as a dog or two and one cow, were utterly miserable owing to the mosquitoes and biting flies, and it is not surprising that the country is deserted even for this reason alone. The Lapps appeared to live almost entirely on fish and a sort of bread which is made from pounded birch bark with a mere sprinkling of flour. No vegetables can be grown in the country, and it is possible that this birch bark bread served as a substitute. The huts of these people are extremely dirty, and those we examined were always strewn with fish bones and old reindeer horns.

Finding very few birds about Sashéika we soon decided to leave, and loading our baggage and ourselves into a small boat we started up the great lake, rowed by two men and two Lapp women, and steered by a Lapp man. We had got well into the middle of the lake when a thick fog came down and every landmark disappeared.

None of us wished to wander about the lake for hours in the fog, and the old Lapp at the rudder was sure he could steer to the shore, but no land appeared, and we soon discovered by a fishing line which we had out astern that his course was by no means straight. After a search in the baggage we found a compass which showed much to our amusement that the boat

⁶ *Fringilla montifringilla*.

⁷ *Cyanecula suecica*.

was describing circles. We tried to explain this to the Lapps, but they did not understand a compass. The fishing line, however, convinced all, except the old man who was steering, that we were not going straight. He was perfectly certain that he knew where he was going and refused to give up the rudder. Everyone in the boat began shouting directions to him, and it was some time before we could calm the people down and induce the old man to give up the rudder. As I knew that we wanted to go somewhere north I thought it safest to steer due north, and in about half an hour we reached the shore. As luck would have it there was a large rock which the Lapps immediately recognized just where we struck the land. It appeared that we had come on in the right direction, and even the old Lapp looked on me with suspicious awe.

According to Gregori they thought the rock was marked on the compass, but I rather think they suspected magic, because they could not understand how anyone could steer, especially in a fog, without a previous knowledge of the country.

While the fog lasted we spent the time in sleep, and the next day we rowed on and reached Bella Guba, where there was a telegraph station, a post house, and one other house, besides a few Lapp huts. Along the shores of the Imandra, ringed plovers* were nesting, while a few other birds such as Arctic terns and gulls, generally seen by the sea, were flying about. The dense pine forests which stretched away from the lake to the rocky hills beyond were distressingly destitute of bird life. Now and again one would catch sight of a capercaillie,⁹ a Siberian jay, or a pine grosbeak,¹⁰ but a walk in this dreary forest yielded little to compensate one for the torments in-

flicted by the mosquitoes. There were a few islands in the lake, but these were unproductive of birds, and we found that the marshes and the country just round them were the only really profitable places in which to spend our time.

We visited every marsh we could find or hear of near our route, and it was curious that while most of them contained many interesting birds, every here and there was one which was practically deserted, although apparently it differed in no way from the others.

All travellers in Lapland have something to say about biting flies, while a few in relating their experiences have been so led away by the subject that they have devoted a full two-thirds of their narratives to descriptions of mosquitoes and flies. Caution is therefore necessary in dealing with so tempting a subject, and I shall endeavor to confine my remarks on these interesting insects to the effect they had upon our work with the birds. Walking anywhere in a damp hot climate is somewhat of an effort, and soft mossy ground like most of that we had to travel over is notoriously tiring. Add to this the necessity of wearing continually thick gauntlets and a mosquito veil, and the conditions are not pleasant. But it was on the marshes that we were chiefly tried. There, mosquitoes and flies were in clouds, the damp heat was increased, and one sank knee-deep in moss and mire at every step. Under these circumstances, it will be understood that it took us some time to explore a marsh thoroughly. We shall never forget one awful day, just before a heavy thunderstorm, when we attempted to work a marsh, but found it quite impossible to go more than twenty yards without resting. A veil is a great

* *Aegialitis blaticula*.
 • *Tetrao urogallus*.

¹⁰ *Pinicola enucleator*.

handicap in shooting, and we found it exceedingly difficult to judge distance at all accurately. As to trying to watch birds in this country it was impossible to do so for any length of time. Directly one stopped, such a cloud of mosquitoes gathered round one's head that after a short time the bird could not be seen through the binoculars owing to the dense swarm of mosquitoes which quickly gathered in front of the glass.

The only times in which we were able to discard our veils were after we had beaten the mosquitoes out of the tent and fixed the curtain over the doorway, and when after rowing hard for half an hour or so on a lake we left the mosquitoes behind. At one place, however, we met a tiny black fly in such myriads that it became a far worse pest than the mosquitoes. This fly was so small that no ordinary netting would keep it out, and it crept into our hair and ears and bit so hard and unpleasantly that to escape going mad we were forced to pack up our things and run away from the place. But no one who has been in the interior of Lapland in summer can adequately describe the blood-sucking insects which possess that country.

As I have mentioned, the birds found on the marshes or bogs were the most interesting. They were chiefly wading birds, and many of them were well known to us as autumn and winter visitors to the shores and mud-flats of the English coast. The most common of these were whimbrels¹¹ and wood sandpipers,¹² while greenshanks¹³ and reeves,¹⁴ although not so numerous, were to be found on most of the marshes. All these birds appeared to have young ones, and in different ways showed intense anxiety for the safety of their broods. The whimbrels and

greenshanks were always shy and cautious, keeping at a respectful distance and uttering loudly and incessantly their wild clear notes. It is remarkable that all these wading birds, when at their breeding stations habitually perch on the trees. The whimbrels used to perch on the tops of the fir trees, and fluttering their wings, perhaps to help keep their balance, would whistle defiantly at us. In the same way all the wading birds we found perched on the trees when disturbed.

Every marsh, and indeed every bit of marshy ground, had a pair or two of wood sandpipers. Most fussy and noisy birds they were, and so bold and tame that when once disturbed they were difficult to get rid of, and would follow one about so closely, crying anxiously all the while, that one's presence soon became known to every other bird anywhere near. It was curious that although reeves were as tame and almost as plentiful in some places as wood sandpipers, we never saw a single ruff, as the male bird of this species is called. The ruff is polygamous, and it is well known that it keeps apart from its harem when the young are hatched, and takes no share or responsibility in the troubles and anxieties connected with its offspring. Had there been any ruffs in the country we explored, I think it hardly likely that we should have missed them, so we must conclude that they had entirely deserted their families and had already gone south towards their winter quarters.

From Bella Guba we rowed up the Imandra to Raznavolok near the northern end of the lake, and on some marshes near there we made our best finds. Hitherto we had found birds in this country by no means plentiful, and we had been much disappointed

¹¹ *Numenius phaeopus*.

¹² *Totanus glareola*.

¹³ *Totanus canescens*.

¹⁴ *Machetes pugnax*.

by the dearth of bird-life in the enormous pine forests as well as on the large lakes. We were delighted, therefore, to find a great many interesting birds breeding on these marshes. Two of these, the bar-tailed godwit¹⁵ and the dusky redshank,¹⁶ especially attracted our attention, because it had been the privilege of but a very few ornithologists to see these birds in their breeding haunts. On arriving at the largest marsh, which was a five-mile trudge from our camp, we arranged to work it systematically. However, we had scarcely gone a hundred yards before a strange bird rose from the ground. We shot it and found with delight that it was a male bar-tailed godwit in a beautiful summer plumage—a dark-brown back and a rich salmon pink breast. A long search near the place from which the bird had risen was unproductive—neither its nests nor the eggs or young could be found. Then we began to search the marsh rather excitedly, and some way off we put up the female—not nearly so brilliant a bird, with a buff rather than salmon-colored breast. Still we could find neither eggs nor young, but at this were not very surprised, as these marshes or bogs are profusely overgrown with a multitude of creeping plants, such as dwarf birch and many kinds of berry-bearing plants besides thick moss and grass. That day we found many other birds but saw no more godwits. On the next day, however, we carried out our plan of a systematic search and were successful in finding two more pairs of godwits. The male bird of one of these pairs was evidently in charge of young ones. He flew round us in a very excited way, and although he did not hover about quite near us, like the sandpipers and reeves, he often swooped over our heads with a rush and then retired to a tree-top and quivered his wings and

called loudly. We kept as quiet as the flies would allow, and after a time I saw four young birds running on the ground at some distance. I rushed madly to them; they separated, and I managed to keep only two in view. These I caught, but the other two had hidden themselves so cleverly and quickly that although we knew just where they must be we could not discover them, and of course nothing would make them budge now that danger threatened. Young birds which run as soon as they are hatched know well the value of lying flat and keeping as still as stones. My friend afterwards found a brood on another marsh, but these he failed to catch. In each case the male bird was evidently attending to the young as the female was found at some considerable distance. These young godwits were only a few days old, and were beautifully clothed with soft down. They were great prizes, and, as far as I know, were the first young in down of the bar-tailed godwit to be obtained, although Mr. H. L. Popham has told me that he had seen them on the Yenesei in Siberia but had been unable to secure any.

The dusky or spotted redshanks which we discovered on several marshes were an even greater find than the godwits, because since the days of Wolley, fifty years ago, our knowledge of their breeding haunts has scarcely increased. Unfortunately, however, we were unable to discover either eggs or young of these birds notwithstanding hours of watching and searching. One day I watched a pair for two hours without success, so wary were the birds. When I was in view they flew wildly about uttering an incessant rattling alarm note. Then when I got well hidden they kept quiet, and my hopes of their visiting the nest or young revived. I waited. Meanwhile the mosquitoes gathered in thicker and

¹⁵ *Limosa lapponica*.

¹⁶ *Totanus fuscus*.

thicker swarms. My veil getting disarranged touched the back of my neck, and immediately a cluster of mosquitoes settled on the place. A slight exclamation and an incautious movement were impossible to prevent, and the ever-watchful redshanks saw me and began their fuss and clamor again. I had to change my hiding-place and wait again, but the mosquitoes and the redshanks always got the best of it in the end, and at last I came to the conclusion that my patience was insufficient for the task.

Knowledge.

The majority of wading birds have a larger and richer plumage in summer than in winter, and these redshanks were of a very handsome sooty-black color spotted with white. Their beaks were dark, but their legs were of a rich crimson, which looked very bright against their black breasts.

To find these two species in their breeding haunts was especially interesting to us, because both birds visit the shores of England on their migrations in spring and autumn.

Harry F. Witherby, F. Z. S.

GOOD BREEDING IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Two things lie at the root of good manners as they are taught in the New Testament. The first is self-suppression,—the consciousness in the individual that he is part of a community whose welfare is of more importance than his capacity to do what he will with his own; and the second is sympathy,—the power to be "all things to all men." To be without the first unfits a man for social life altogether; to be without the latter forces him to live his life, as it were, among foreigners, unable himself to speak any language but his own. Three writers in the New Testament concern themselves with courtesy—St. James, St. Paul, and St. Peter—and from their letters something like a philosophy of good breeding might be built up.

Before a man considers his attitude towards his neighbors he must consider his attitude towards himself. In this matter, St. Paul tells us, he ought to be just as possible. He is "not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly." Evidently he is to avoid not only spiritual pride, but the fanciful self-accusations

so common among converts. Self-respecting individuals make honest communities, but if a society would spread it must avoid self-satisfaction, lest it become hidebound. "We are members one of another," writes St. Paul, therefore "let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good," for "no man liveth to himself." This theory the Apostle pushes very far, recommending his more cultivated converts to sacrifice to some extent their religious liberty rather than hurt the feelings of simpler people. Early Christian communities were made up of very varied elements. Nobles, artisans, and slaves, superstitious adherents of a decaying mythology, devout Jews, and men of the world but newly dissatisfied with the cynical agnosticism in which they had been bred, met together to hear "the thing preached" and to eat a common meal in remembrance of a common Master. Without courtesy—a courtesy which would not stop short of sacrifice—these jarring elements could not have been kept within the bond of peace. We know, says the Apostle, writing to the Corinthians, "that an idol is

nothing at all," and that the observance of certain days and the eating or abstaining from certain foods are in themselves of no consequence. He is persuaded that all meats are clean and "all days the same," but if any man thinks differently, he is none the worse Christian for his intellectual mistake. Good manners require of the wise man that he should neither "despise" nor "set him at naught"; indeed, he had better forego the tangible advantage of his superior wisdom when in company with the scrupulous person. If his faith is purer than his neighbor's, he must "have it to himself before God," for the end of the commandment is not knowledge but charity. Every man is exhorted to enter as far as possible into the point of view of his neighbor, and to show him sympathy to the extent of his power, even if it be only the sympathy of indignation. "Who is offended and I burn not," we read; and again, "Who is weak and I am not weak." "Him that is weak in the faith," St. Paul goes on, "receive ye, but not to doubtful disputation." Disputations cannot avail to give peace to a weak man, but by entering into the pain of his doubtful one man by his sympathy may possibly reveal to another the sympathy of God, and so teach him more about religion than if he could convince his intellect of all the articles of all the creeds.

With regard to conversation the New Testament lays down stringent Puritan rules. There is to be no "foolish talking" or "jesting which is not convenient"; no discussion of the conduct of those of whose doings "it is a shame to speak"; no wrangling or "clamor"; no fruitless argumentation, "dotings about questions, and strifes of words." "Cheerfulness" is continually enjoined; "murmuring," "bitterness," "malice," and "evil surmisings" are continually deprecated. "Courtesy" is to be observed at all times, and St. Peter ex-

horts his friends not to forget it even during the fiery trials of persecution. Paul remembered it before his judges when, after wishing that Agrippa were a Christian, "and altogether such as himself," he added "except these bonds." He remembered it also on another notable occasion, when by his reassuring words he stopped the suicide of the jailor whose death might have meant his own escape.

"How near to good is what is fair," said Ben Jonson. Morals and manners are indeed inextricably interwoven, and it is often impossible to distinguish between charity and courtesy. There is one man in the New Testament whose name has come down to posterity solely on account of what we may perhaps be allowed to call his gentlemanlike conduct towards St. Paul. "The Lord give mercy to the house of Onesiphorus," the Apostle writes, "for he oft refreshed me and was not ashamed of my chain. But when he was in Rome he sought me out very diligently and found me. The Lord grant that he may find mercy in that day." The reiterated suggestion that "that day" would be one of mercy and not of triumph to the free man who was not ashamed to be seen with "the prisoner of the Lord" might make us suppose that St. Paul doubted if his friend belonged to the faith, and that he ascribed his action to his Christian courtesy rather than to his courteous Christianity.

The gulf existing between slaves and their masters in the first century was a difficult one for charity to bridge or courtesy to cover. The Apostolic attitude towards slavery is at first sight somewhat astonishing. The teachings of Christ strike at its roots; but with the possible exception of St. James, none of His immediate followers condemned slavery as an institution. St. Paul, it is true, declares that "in Christ" there is "neither bond nor

free"; but in the same breath he adds "male nor female, Jew nor Greek." We are, therefore, constrained to accept his words metaphorically. That the Apostle perceived the evil effects of slavery upon character we cannot doubt. He not only congratulates himself upon being born free, but his advice to slaves shows an effort to initiate them into some sort of inward freedom, so that they may give to religion "the offering of a free heart." They are to forget as far as possible that they serve men, and by avoiding "eye service" are to assume an honorable bondage to their own consciousness, and thus become "the slaves of Christ," and not "men pleasers." He warns them also not to despise their masters, because they are brethren; while all free Christians are bidden to "remember those that are in bonds as bound with them." That certain Christian Churches were apt to look down on slave members is suggested by St. James, who condemns those who keep their courtesy for the wearers of "gay clothing," and "have men's persons in admiration for the sake of advantage." That St. Paul regarded "graces and qualities of breeding" as things which "adorn the faith of Christ" is evident from his letters and his life. It is he who remembered and wrote down for us our Lord's saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and it is characteristic of him that the sentence stuck in his mind. To receive was painful to him always, and independence the first necessity of happiness. He urges all men to work rather than be beholden to any, and he urges those who give, not to wound by their manner of giving the pride of him who is obliged to take. Not only must they give without grudging, they must "give with simplicity." To give with simple generosity is not a very easy task. Many men never grudge, and yet fall into the subtle temptations which sur-

round the giver to take the grace from his gift. Those who give for the sake of their own souls without knowing if they do good or harm cannot be said to give out of simple generosity, neither can those opposite characters who give their money in order to buy power. This latter error is, to our mind, by far the more excusable of the two. Indeed, if a man believes in his own judgment, likes power, and is determined to use it for the good of his neighbors, the temptation is almost unavoidable. It is often a duty to rule, and to "rule diligently," and who can rule a fool for his good without the means of coercion? Nevertheless, whoever gives with this end in view gives without grace, though he may often give to his neighbor's advantage. To "show mercy with cheerfulness" is a yet more difficult injunction to follow. If the man who shows mercy is too cheerful—makes too light of his own magnanimity—the culprit is likely "to do it again." On the other hand, he may be more touched by the grace of the forgiveness than he could be by the most grievous reprimand. The better the man the more likely he is to be impressed by kindness, and perhaps wisdom should prompt us to give the best man the first chance.

The self-possession, courage, and detachment which enabled men working at 'an almost impossible task, and "standing in jeopardy daily," to give their minds to the refinements of courtesy and honor are not easy to account for. Something was given to the early Church which has been denied to later generations,—the power to "rejoice in hope." Nothing was too hard for them to do, nothing too great to expect. That they looked for the triumph of Christianity in their own generation no candid reader can doubt. A spiritual mirage brought near to them a goal now out of sight. But a mirage is a reflection of the truth, not a deception

of the imagination, and the Church waits now as she waited then, if no longer rejoicing in hope, at least "patient in tribulation," "till we all come

The Spectator.

unto a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,"—that is, till Christianity is not only the standard but the stamp of humanity.

THE ABSURDITIES OF THE ALMANACK.

It is said that this is the season when the compilers of almanacks set about to prepare their productions for the following year. I know not if this is so; but if it is, and they happen to be afflicted with a sense of humor, they must laugh like Cicero's augurs when they consider the ineptness of our calendar. With a name derived, it is said, from the Roman Calends—by which we no longer reckon—it seems to have been carefully arranged to correspond to nothing either in nature, history, or convenience. As its last reformation took place in the Christian Era, the year might be supposed to begin with the Birth of the Founder of Christianity. But, while this took place—or at least is celebrated—on the 25th of December, the first day of the year is postponed to seven days later. The most natural day for the beginning of the year would, of course, be the spring equinox when the days first prevail over the nights, and Nature, as they used to say, awakens. Yet this date is entirely unmarked in our calendars, and it is only with some difficulty that we discover it to be the 21st of March. Nor is the end of the year determined in a more rational manner than the beginning. The earth completes its revolution round the sun in three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours and a fraction. But we have arranged the civil year so that it consists of three hundred and sixty-five days only, and we have therefore to intercalate an ex-

tra day every fourth year to make up the difference. If we look at the names of the divisions of our year, we find ourselves confronted with a system so confusing to our modern ideas that it seems as if it must have been invented by mandarins. The days of the week are dedicated to the sun and moon, to the Saturn of the Roman mythology, to the Woden, Thor, and Freya of the Scandinavian, and to a seventh god so obscure that it is extremely difficult to discover any reference to him in any document of antiquity. The months are in like manner named after two Christian saints, Januarius and Februarius, the Roman Mars, a word which is said to refer to the annual opening of the earth, the nymph Maia, the goddess Juno, the first two Cæsars, and—worst absurdity of all—the numbers seven, eight, nine, and ten, which we carefully apply to the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth months respectively. A large part of Christendom, although it accepts these heathen appellations, still enjoys a different arrangement of the year from the rest of it, so that the Russians and other nations belonging to the Orthodox Church celebrate Mars and the other heathen deities at a different time from ourselves. But the greatest inconvenience of all is the clumsy arrangement by which the days of the week and the days of the month fail to correspond from year to year, so that it requires much calculation before we can ascer-

tain whether the 25th of December or any other day will fall on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, or Saturday.

The greater part of this confusion comes, of course, from the objection which Europeans—unlike our new allies, the Japanese—have always felt to breaking entirely with the past. Before the beginning of the Julian Era, there does not seem to have been any system in Europe at all, while the Easterns calculated their calendars from events distinguished from the point of view of their different religions. When Julius Cæsar, stirred up thereto, it is said, by the representations of those Alexandrian astronomers who were the pioneers of Western science, decreed that the year should thenceforth consist of three hundred and sixty-five days with an extra day inserted every fourth year, he did much to bring order out of chaos. Unfortunately, he was not aware that the solar year, instead of consisting of six hours more than three hundred and sixty-five days, really enjoys a superiority of only five hours, forty-eight minutes, forty-five seconds and a half, with the result that the Julian year gained upon the solar at the rate of about three days in four hundred years. Thus the spring equinox instead of arriving every year on the 21st of March, gradually receded to the 10th, and would have gone on receding until it corresponded with the beginning of the civil year on the 1st of January, had not Pope Gregory XIII., under the inspiration of the astronomer Louis Lelio, decided upon suppressing the inconvenient ten days, and decreed that the day after the 4th of October 1582 should be called the 15th. By doing so, he annulled a number of saints' days, including the festivals of Bishop Remigius, Pope Callixtus, and St. Ursula and her virgins, which had to be transferred to other dates, but he restored the Chris-

tian calendar to something like correspondence with Nature, and the new system was instantly adopted by France and other Catholic countries. Our own country, as became a Protestant land always indifferent to logic, held out against the proposed reform until 1752, since when the only attempt to reform the calendar has been that of the French Revolutionists during the Reign of Terror. Their system of Germinal, Florial, Prairial and the rest, had the advantage of possessing poetical names which really corresponded to the phenomena of the meteorological or agricultural year, but it had also the great drawback of being inapplicable save to the climate of France; while its division of the year into weeks of ten days instead of seven involved a greater change of habits than the most determined revolutionaries cared to put up with.

Can anything now be done to remedy the anomalies of the existing state of things? M. Camille Flammarion, to whose articles in astronomical journals I am much indebted for my facts, thinks so. The inconvenience caused by the falling of New Year's Day upon different days of the week in successive years, he would at once do away with by making the year to consist of three hundred and sixty-four days divided into fifty-two equal weeks of seven days each. The remaining day he would put into no month, but would have observed—as it now is in most Continental countries—as a public holiday. In bissextile, or leap year, this complementary day would be doubled, although he rather inclines to the reserving of these intercalary days until seven are in hand, when a whole week's holiday would be given to the greater and, as we think, the most important, part of the human race. He would further make the civil to correspond with the solar year by transferring his New Year's Day to what is

at present the 21st of March, while he would alter the present ridiculous names of the twelve months into those which he says are alone worthy of "the qualities or at least the intellectual tendencies of humanity" such as Truth, Science, Wisdom, Justice, Honor, Kindness, Love, Beauty, Humanity, Happiness, Progress, and Immortality. The year would thus be divided as at present into quarters, the first month of each quarter containing thirty-one, while the remaining two months would contain only thirty days. Thenceforward every New Year would commence on a Monday and would end on Sunday, and the days of the week would correspond in every year.

Is there any chance of such a reform being adopted? Personally, I should say not the slightest. Rational and sensible as M. Flammarion's new calendar is, the names of his months smack too much of what our grandfathers called Sansculottism to be acceptable to autocrats like the Czar and the German Emperor. His proposal, tentative as it is, for a whole week's holiday would involve too great a dislocation of trade to recommend itself to nations of shop-keepers like ourselves and our American cousins, and the

The Academy.

same objection would probably apply, though with less force, to the addition of one more *dies non* in every year to the number that already exist even in Protestant countries. Nor does it overcome the objection, which most of us having correspondents in distant colonies have felt, that the calendar cannot be made to correspond with the seasons all over the world, which could indeed only be affected by a re-arrangement on astronomical grounds that would commend itself to nobody. This is the more serious, because all new inventions—etheric telegraphy, aerial navigation, and improvements in locomotion by land and sea—seem to be tending to an annihilation of time and space which will bring the nations of the earth nearer to each other than they have ever been before. But even if these objections could be overcome, the reform of the calendar is an undertaking so serious that it is not likely to take place except after some great change in our political or religious institutions such as would be produced by the Social Revolution that certain dreamers talk about. Failing this, it will probably be postponed till the Greek Kalends.

F. Legge.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Scribners have in preparation a novel by the late Frank R. Stockton which was found in manuscript after his death.

Mr. Owen Seaman's "Borrowed Plumes" which Henry Holt & Co. have in press is a series of present-day parodies of Hall Caine, Mrs. Humphry Ward, John Oliver Hobbes, Maurice

Hewlett, Maeterlinck, Henry James and others. If it is half as clever as Mr. Seaman's contributions in verse to "Punch" it will have many delighted readers.

It is announced that Charles Reade's long-time friend, Mr. John Coleman, is writing a memoir which he intends to call "The Romance of Charles Reade."

Mr. Augustine Birrell should be in his element in the volume on "Sydney Smith" which he is writing for the Macmillans' English Men of Letters series.

When a man has reached the age of seventy-six without publishing verse, it may be questioned whether he has any moral right to begin; but Mr. Alfred de Kantzaw, who makes his maiden appearance as a poet in a volume just published in London by Fisher Unwin has reached that age.

There are a number of American hotels of the better class which have found it profitable to minister to the needs of their guests by adding a good library to their equipment. One of the popular London hotels has made a further advance by putting a library of twenty books in each of its bedrooms.

Mr. James Bryce's "Biographical Sketches" which the Macmillans will publish this autumn includes the following subjects:

Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, J. R. Green, E. A. Freeman, T. H. Green, W. Robertson Smith, Lord Idlesleigh, Robert Lowe, C. S. Parnell, Lord Cairns, Sir George Jessel, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Tait, Bishop Fraser, Dean Stanley, Lord Acton, Henry Sidgwick, Anthony Trollope.

The "Poems and Verses" of Edward Sandford Martin (Harper & Brothers) present in a delightful aspect a writer hitherto chiefly known by his keen, humorous and somewhat whimsical comments upon public affairs and the goings-on in "this busy world." There is an ease of versification, a flow of spirits and an ingenuity of rhyme in some of these verses which suggest now Dr. Holmes and now Owen Seaman: yet they are not imitations but have a quality of their own. Among the lighter verses perhaps "Blandina"

and "Uncertainty" are most pleasing; while among the serious poems there is nothing finer or more imaginative than the opening poem "The Sea is His."

That the conventional estimates of character and conduct are as often false as true is of course the point that Richard Bagot sets out to make in "The Just and the Unjust," and it is of course by a study of feminine types that he makes it. A "society novel" of the most pronounced order—its scene laid among the "smart set" of London—the book is clever and readable, but it leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. John Lane.

Of the gradual passing away of a bit of London which is rich in personal associations the London Times remarks:

Whitehall-gardens—or Privy-garden, as the still secluded row of houses at the back of Whitehall was formerly called—has lost many of its charms since Pepys, on May 21, 1662, saw there "the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them." The lawns and the statues and the quaint dials have all disappeared, and now two of the houses are in the builder's hands, making the contrast greater than ever. No. 3, the old Office of Parliamentary Counsel, has been demolished, leaving a great gap between No. 2—which Disraeli took after the death of his wife about 30 years ago—and No. 4, once the home of Sir Robert Peel. It was at No. 4 that Peel formed the fine collection of Dutch and Flemish paintings which are now included in the National Collection, and it was in the dining room on the ground floor facing the river—which flowed past the bottom of the garden in those days—that he died on July 2, 1850. The house was built in 1824, and, till the construction of the Thames Embankment, there were steps leading to the river.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

POST LUCEM TENEBRE 1882.

My nimble thoughts have all too soon
 outrun
 The laggard age and, pausing breath-
 less, see
 For laughter tears and for tranquility
 Unrest and for their much emotion
 none.
 The old faiths have fallen behind me
 one by one
 And left me sorrowful. It may well
 be
 The day will dawn on others. As for
 me
 I know I shall not live to see the sun.

Therefore herein shall be my comfort
 cold,

Hearing the knell of drear self-pity
 rung—

"Too late I came into a world too old"—
 In my despair's despite to answer
 "Nay,

Too soon I came into a world too
 young—

Could I but watch one hour it were
 broad day!"

POST TENEBRAS LUX 1902.

Thou whom thus late I know for power
 divine,

Spirit of good, enkindle thou my cold,
 Make thou humility not mockery mine
 And make me in faith and not in
 flouting bold.

Break, brightness, on my dark and let
 my soul,

Whose long cold night of mockery
 melts away,

Spring to the sunrise like a thing made
 whole,

Ambitious of the dayspring and the
 day.

The Saturday Review.

SPELLBOUND.

The great dark world is fast asleep,
 The keen-eyed stars, like children
 small,

From out the cloud-drifts peer and
 peep,

Above the fir masts tall:

The river eddies soft and slow

Beneath the shadowy bridge, as tho'
 It feared to wake the drowsy town
 When Night has drawn her curtain
 down.

There's not a restless bird that sings,
 There's not a flower lifts its face,
 And Silence with mysterious wings
 Haunts each familiar place:
 The sharp young moon long since has
 set,

The grasses droop with dewdrops wet,
 The elfin wind that stirs the trees
 Blows lightly off the dreaming seas.

Weary of toil, the fever'd Day
 Has flung himself upon his bed,
 And Night comes down the twilight
 way

With poppy-crown'd head:
 Earth, at her presence passing sweet,
 Slumbers enchanted at her feet,
 Till Day, to vigorous life new born,
 Springs up the highways of the Dawn!
Christian Burke.

Blackwood's Magazine.

STAR-STEERING.

O, will it ever come again
 That I upon the boundless main
 Shall steer me by the light of stars?
 Now, locked with sandy bars,
 Life's narrowing channel bids me mark
 Each serviceable spark
 That Holm or Lundy flings upon the
 dark.

Thus man is more to me—
 But O, the gladness of the outer sea!
 O Venus! Mars!
 When shall I steer by you again, O
 stars!

T. E. Brown.

INDWELLING.

If thou couldst empty all thyself of
 self,

Like to a shell dishabited,
 Then might He find thee on the Ocean
 shelf,

And say—"This is not dead,"—
 And fill thee with Himself instead.
 But thou art all replete with every *thou*,
 And hast such shrewd activity.
 That, when He comes, He says:—"This
 is enow

Unto itself—"Twere better let it be:
 It is so small and full, there is no room
 for Me."

T. E. Brown.